

12¢

# SHOWCASE

APR.  
NO. 43APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
CARTOON  
AUTHORITY

presents

# DOCTOR NO

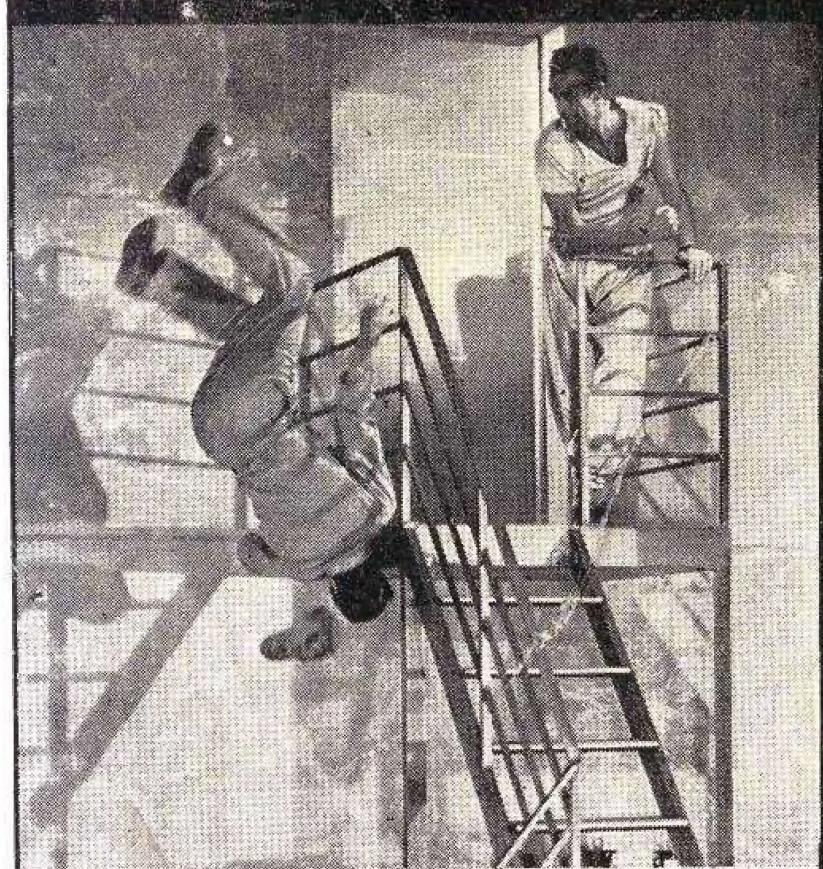
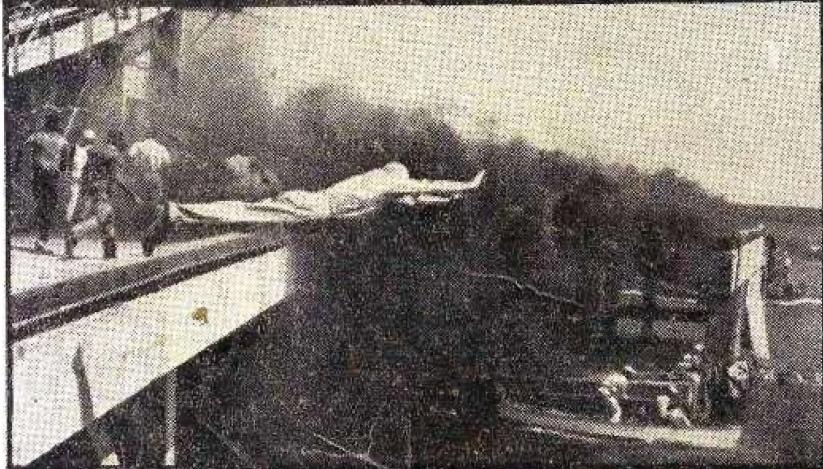
ANOTHER MOMENT, DOCTOR NO,  
AND I'LL JAM YOUR SIGNALS  
THAT WOULD'VE MADE THE AMERICAN  
ROCKET GO WILD!

by IAN  
FLEMING

BUT YOU  
HAVEN'T  
ANOTHER  
MOMENT,  
BOND. THIS  
IS YOUR  
LAST!

BASED ON  
THE NOVEL  
AND NOW A  
UNITED  
ARTISTS  
FILM  
THRILLER!

**ACTION-PACKED HIGHLIGHTS** from the picture, starring  
Joseph Wiseman as the notorious **DOCTOR NO**,  
Sean Connery as the super secret service sleuth JAMES BOND,  
and Ursula Andress as HONEY.



**SHOWCASE**  
presents  
**DOCTOR NO**

In Kingston, Jamaica, one evening, people along fashionable Richmond Street were treated to a strange sight. Three blind beggars were walking up the road toward the Queen's Club, meeting place of Jamaica's wealthiest men.



W.H. Heile

"This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition, nor affixed to, nor as part of any advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever."

SHOWCASE, No. 43, March-April, 1963. Published bi-monthly by NATIONAL PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS, INC., 2nd and Dickey Streets, SPARTA, ILL. Editorial, Executive offices and Subscriptions, 575 Lexington Avenue, NEW YORK 22, N.Y. Murray Boltinoff and George Kashdan, Editors. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT SPARTA, ILL. under the act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U.S. 90c including postage. Foreign \$1.80 in American funds. For advertising sales address Richard A. Feldon & Co., 205 East 42nd St., New York

17, N.Y. © 1963 by National Periodical Publications, Inc., by arrangement with International Productions, Ltd. and Danjaq S. A. All rights reserved under International and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Except for those who have authorized use of their names, the stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this periodical are entirely imaginary and fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended or should be inferred.

Printed in U.S.A.



## SHOWCASE



Inside the Queen's Club, John Strangways, an agent of the British Secret Service, was playing cards with some friends.

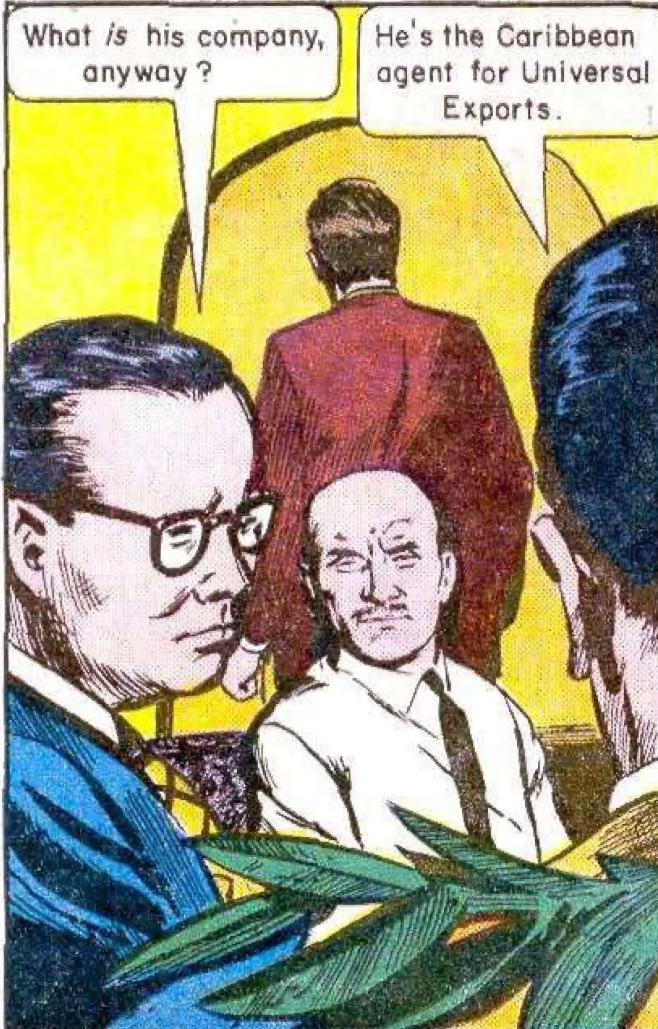


Sorry, Potter. My managing director has a call booked through to me every evening at this time.

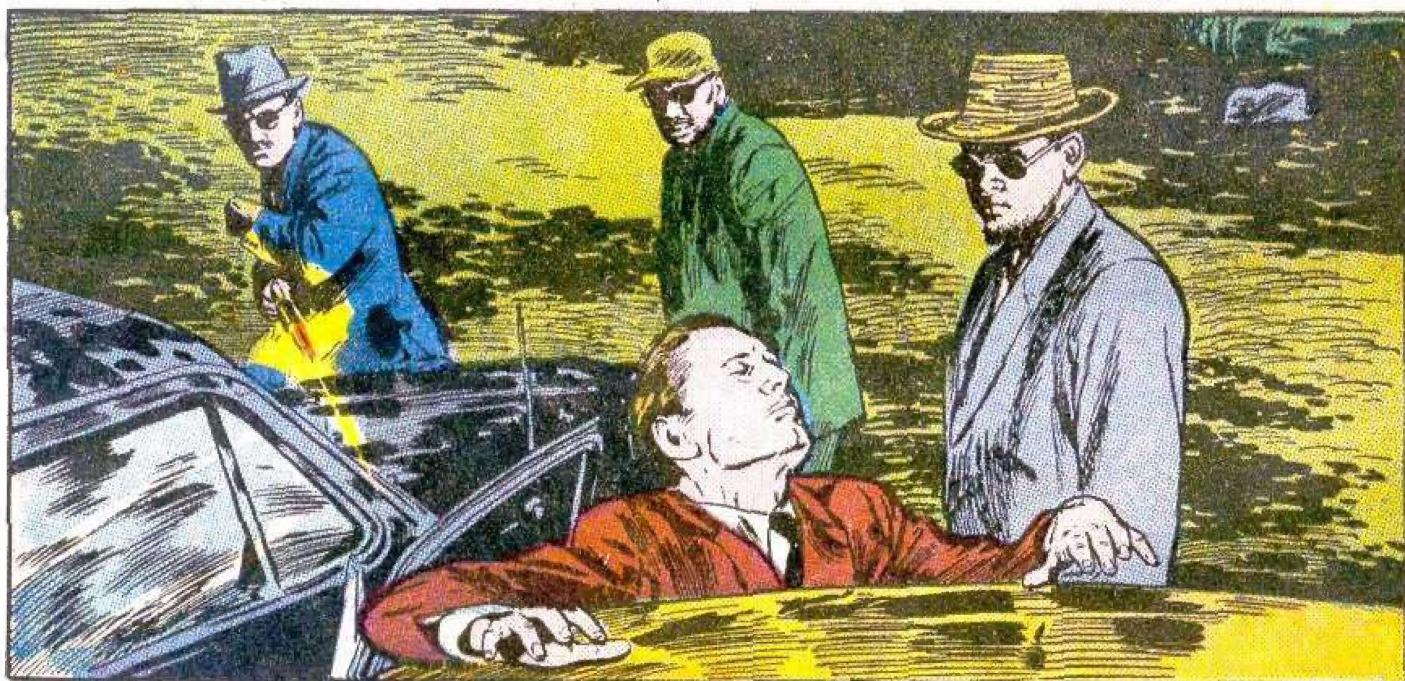
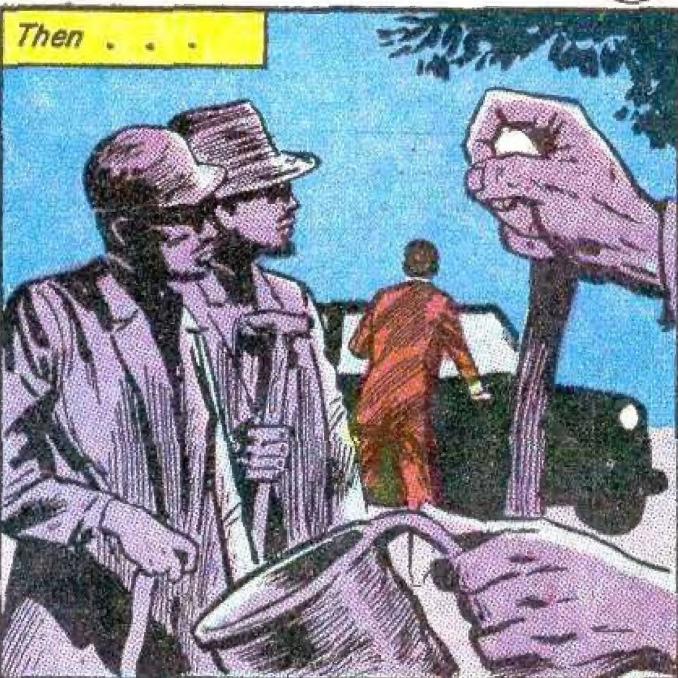
What is his company, anyway?

He's the Caribbean agent for Universal Exports.

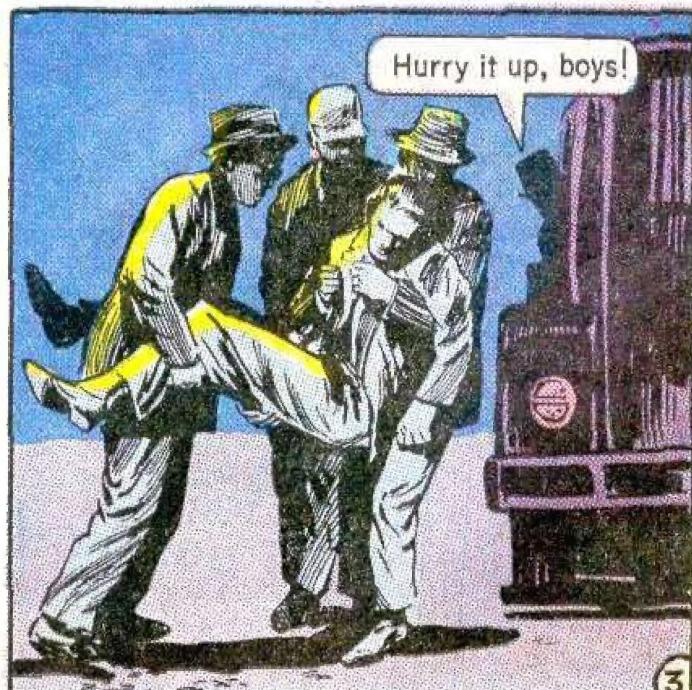
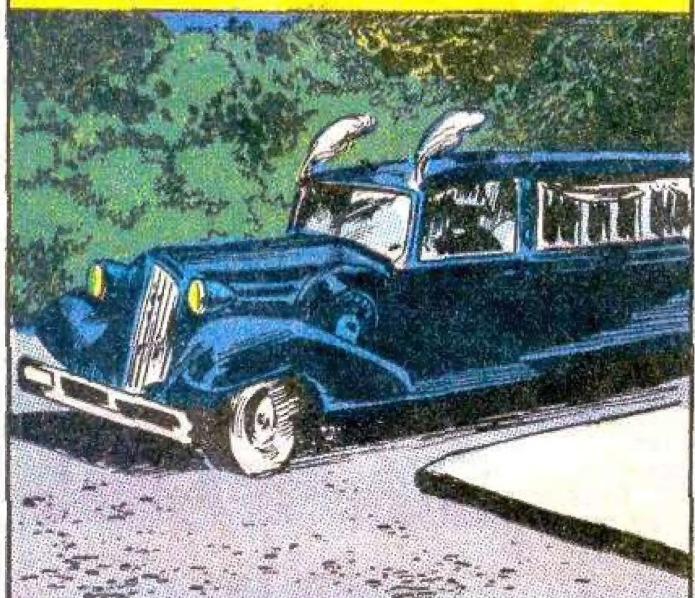
Universal Exports? Never heard of them.



Strangways hardly noticed the three beggars as he walked to his car.



The next instant, an old motor hearse came speeding around the corner.





## SHOWCASE



Meanwhile, at Strangways' home, Mary Prescott, his secretary, was preparing for the nightly radio message to the Secret Service in London.

WXN . . . WXN . . . WXN calling WWW. How do you hear me? Over.

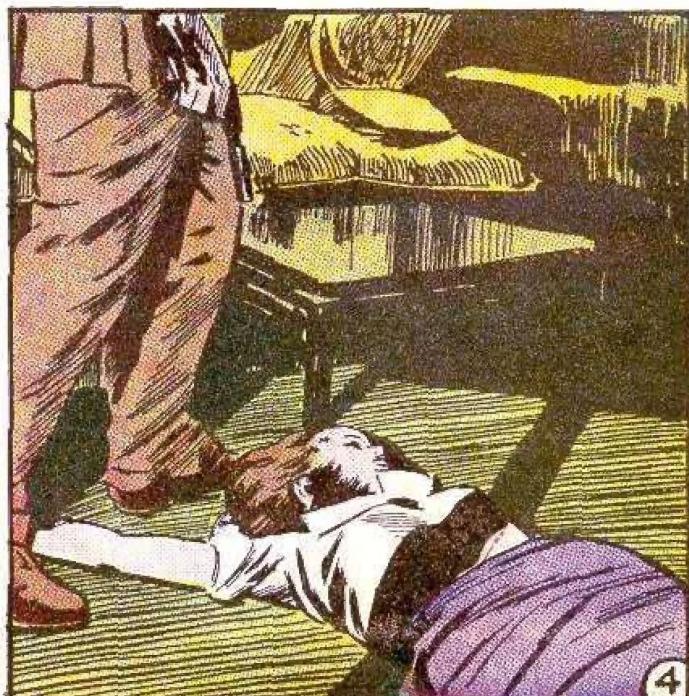
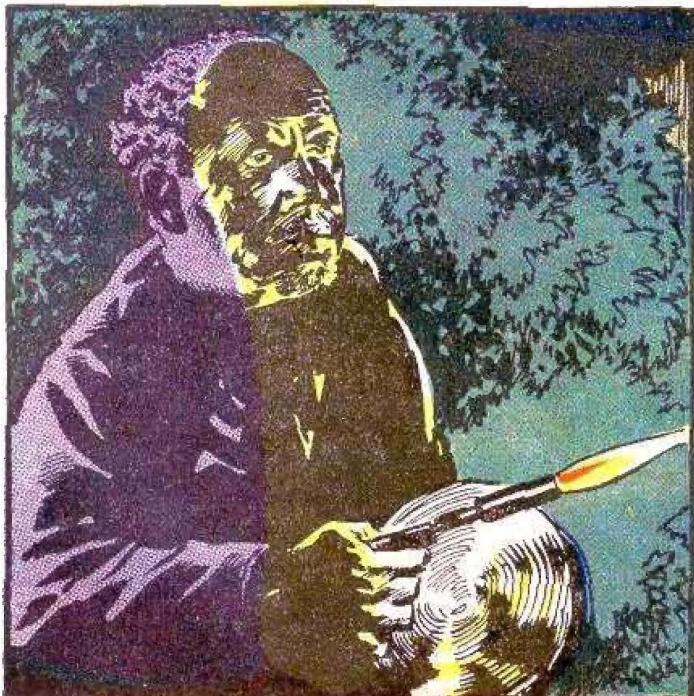
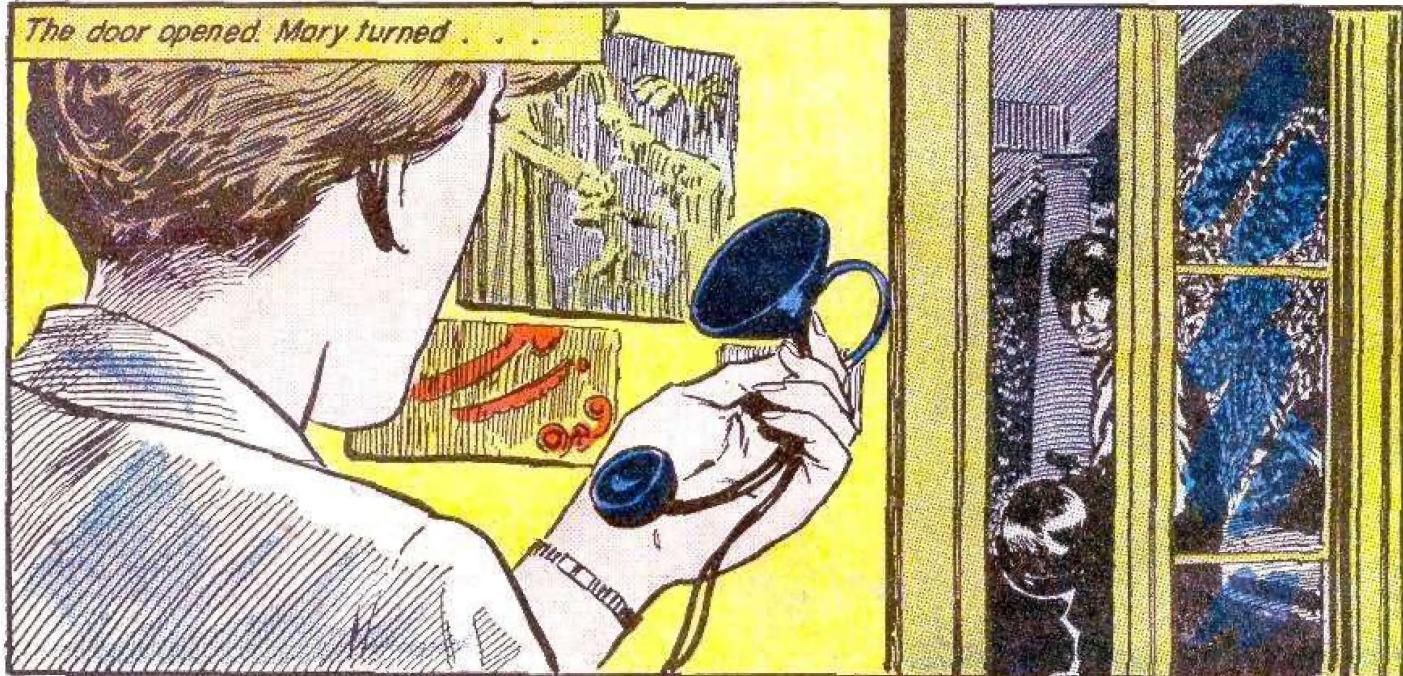


Mary heard a car pull up outside. She thought it was Strangways, coming home for his message.

WXN to WWW . . . ready now to transmit.



The door opened. Mary turned . . .





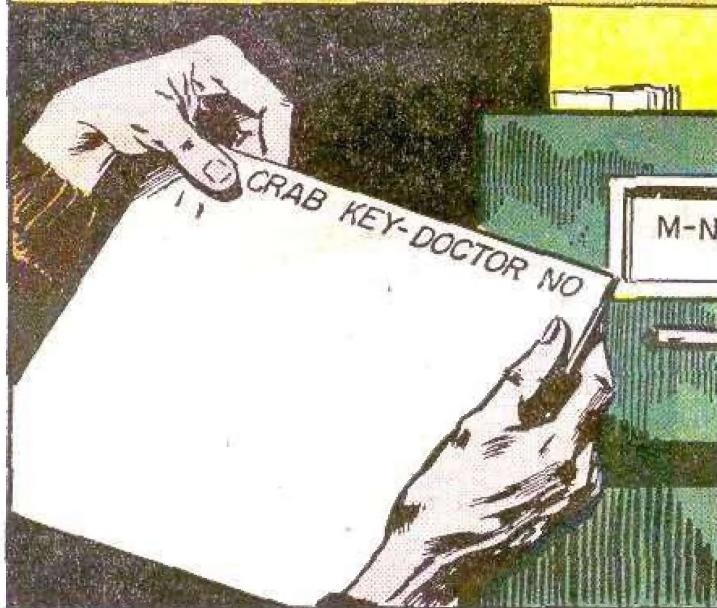
## SHOWCASE



The two other men came in and carried off Mary's wounded body. The first man began to search through the filing cabinet.



He soon found what he was looking for.



At that moment, in the London offices of the British Secret Service . . .

This is the Foreman of Signals, sir. Jamaica's broken off contact in the middle of transmission--and it's not a technical failure.



Several hours later, James Bond, otherwise known as Secret Agent 007, stepped into the offices of the Secret Service.

Hi, Moneypenny.

James, where have you been? We've been scouring London for you.



So what's all the do about this evening?

Strangways. It looks serious. Oh, there's the light. In you go now.



# SHOWCASE



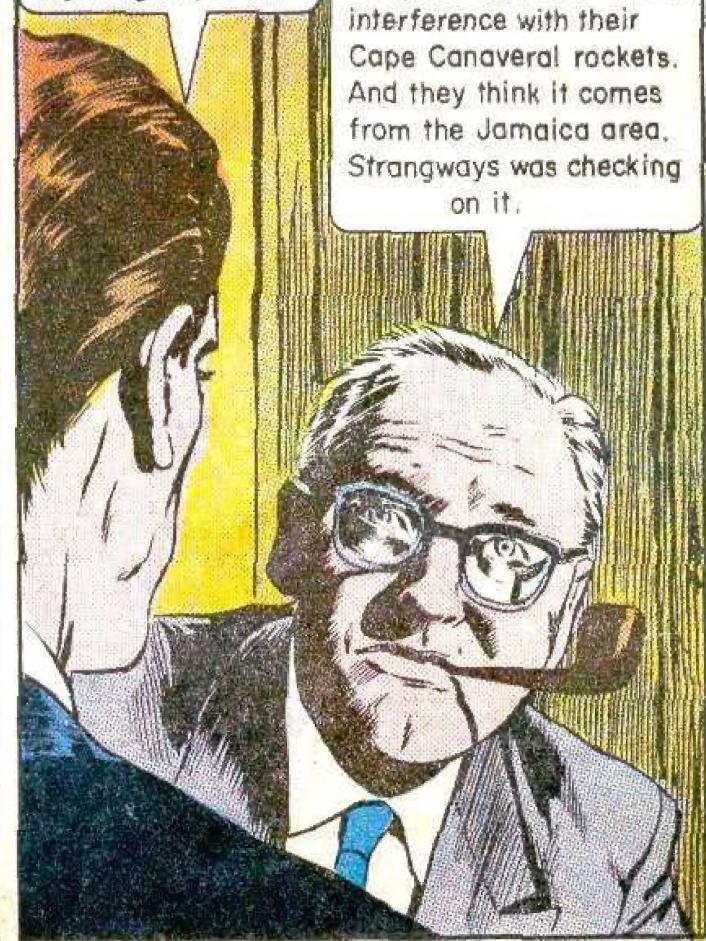
*Bond went into the next room and stood before "M," head of British Intelligence.*

Good evening, sir.

Sit down. Jamaica went off the air tonight. Strangways has disappeared. So has his secretary.

Was Strangways on anything important?

The Americans have been complaining about massive interference with their Cape Canaveral rockets. And they think it comes from the Jamaica area. Strangways was checking on it.



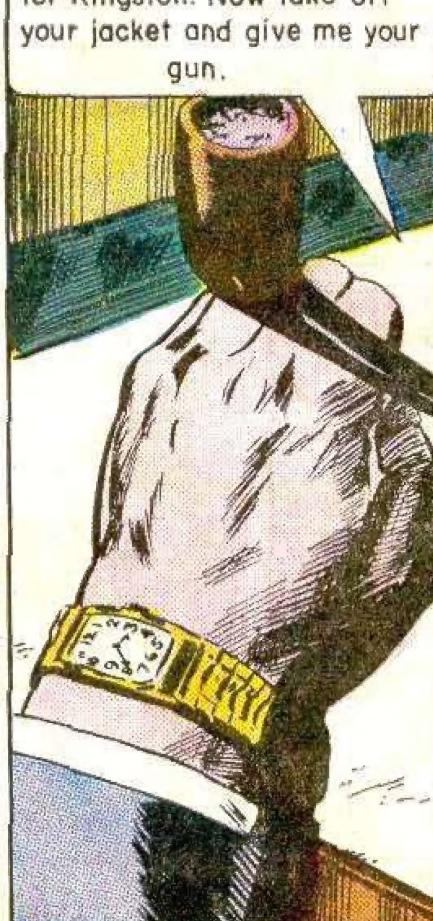
The Americans sent a C.I.A.\* man down to work with him -- a fellow named Leiter.

Has he found anything?

You'd better ask him. You're booked on the seven o'clock for Kingston. Now take off your jacket and give me your gun.

M. called for Major Boothroyd, a weapons expert.

I thought so. This old Beretta! It jammed on your last job and you spent six months in the hospital.



\* Central Intelligence Agency -- the American Secret Service



## SHOWCASE



Bond was given a new gun.

A Walther PPK, with a delivery like a brick through a plate-glass window.

Any questions, 007?

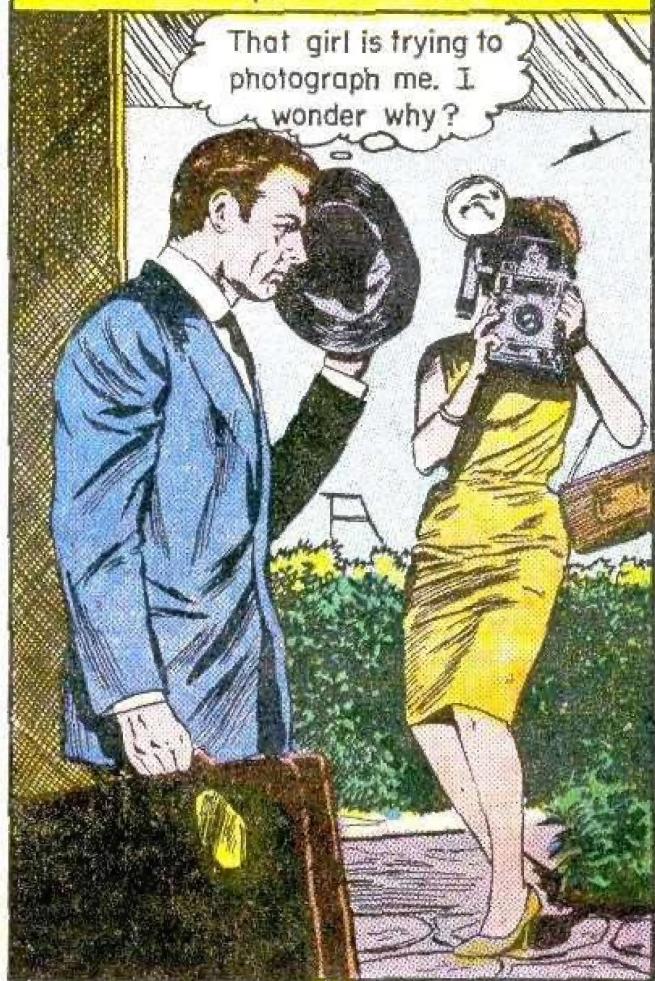


No, sir.  
All right then.  
Best of luck.  
And I'll take the Beretta.



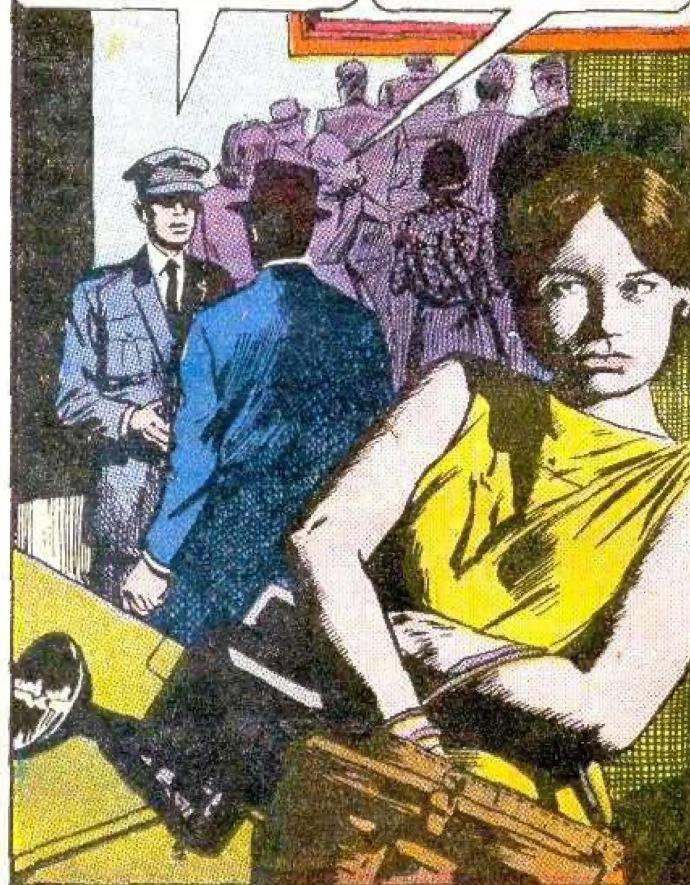
A few hours later, Bond arrived at Kingston.

That girl is trying to photograph me. I wonder why?



Mr. Bond, sir? I'm Mr. Jones--chauffeur from Government House. I've been sent to get you.

Well, that's fine, Mr. Jones. Just wait a moment while I check my reservations.



Bond went into a phone booth and dialed Government House.

Hello, I'd like to speak with Mr. Pleydell-Smith, the Colonial Secretary . . . Mr. Pleydell-Smith? I'd like to meet you for a chat . . . one o'clock at your office is fine. By the way, did you send a car to meet me?





## SHOWCASE



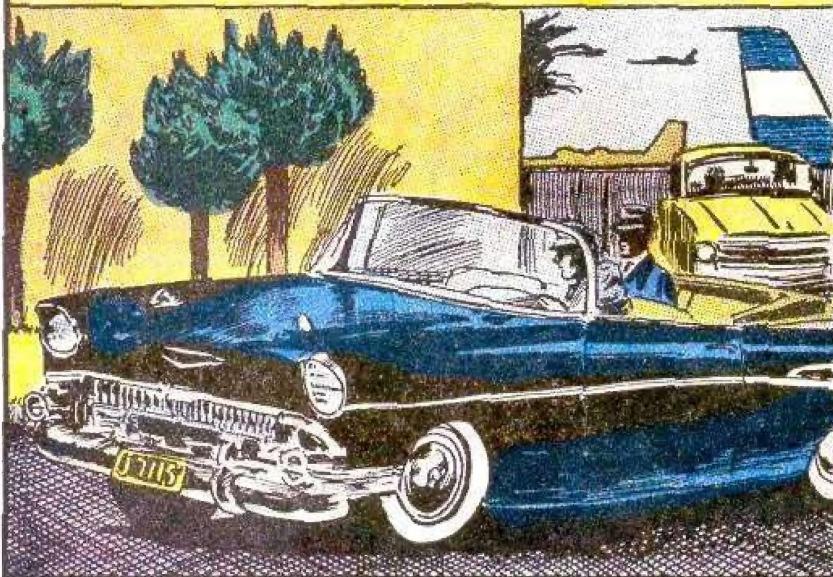
But Government House had sent no car. Bond hung up and returned to the chauffeur.

Where to,  
sir?

Government House-- but I'm not  
in a hurry. Suppose you just take  
me for a ride.

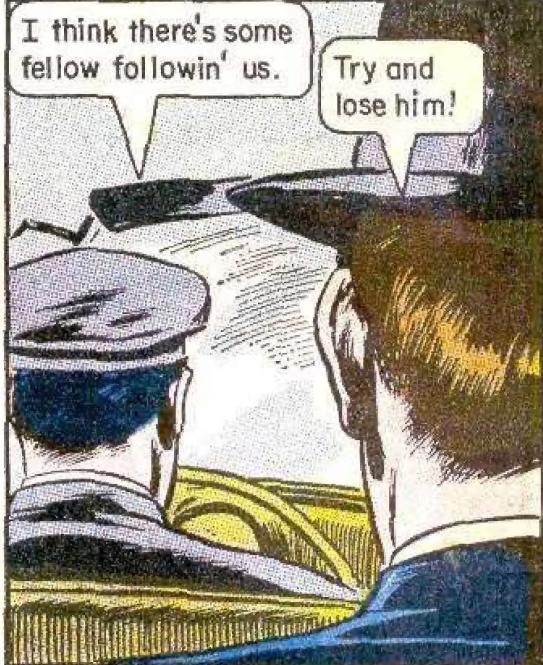


As Bond's car drove away, two men pulled away from the airport in close pursuit.



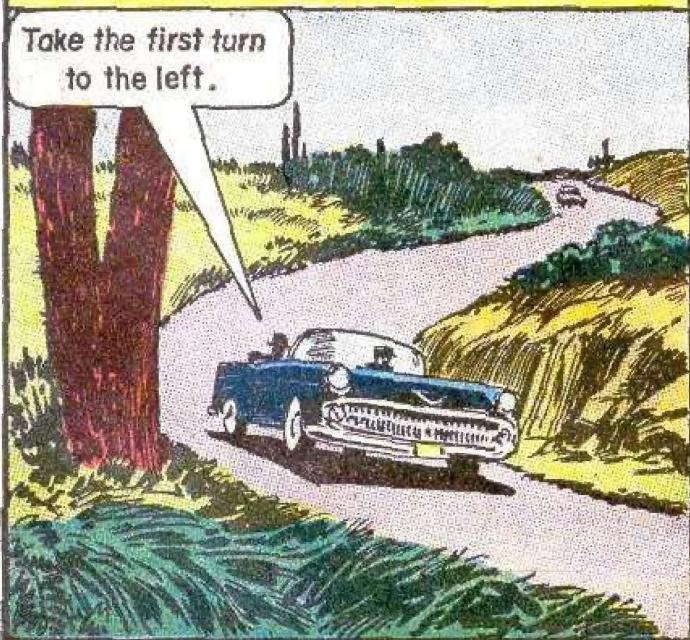
I think there's some  
fellow followin' us.

Try and  
lose him!

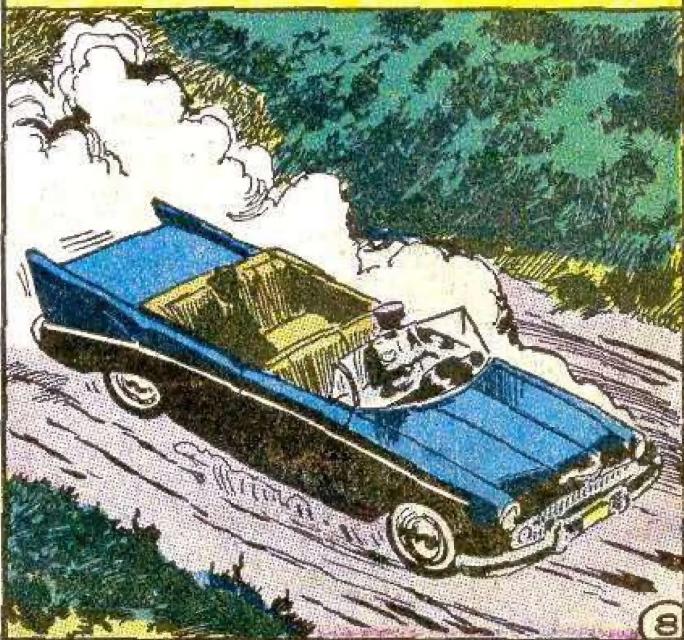


The chase went on for several miles.

Take the first turn  
to the left.



The chauffeur did so and the other car sped by.





## SHOWCASE





## SHOWCASE

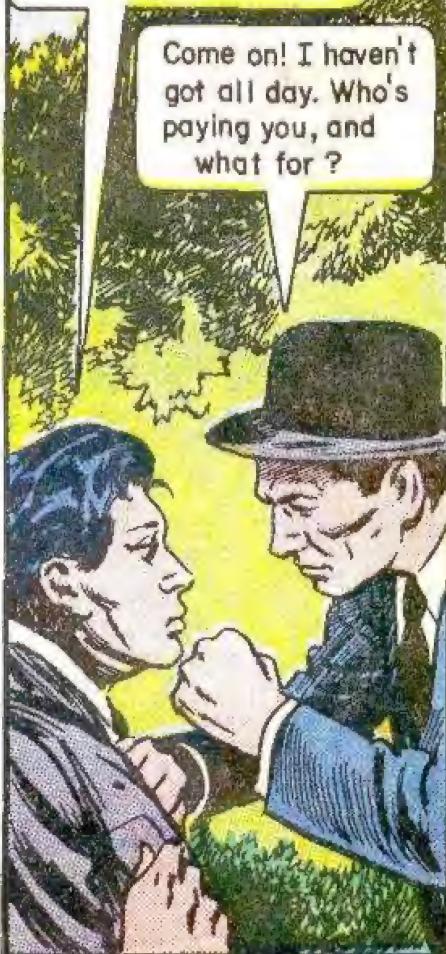


All right, I'll talk. Le me have a cig' rette.

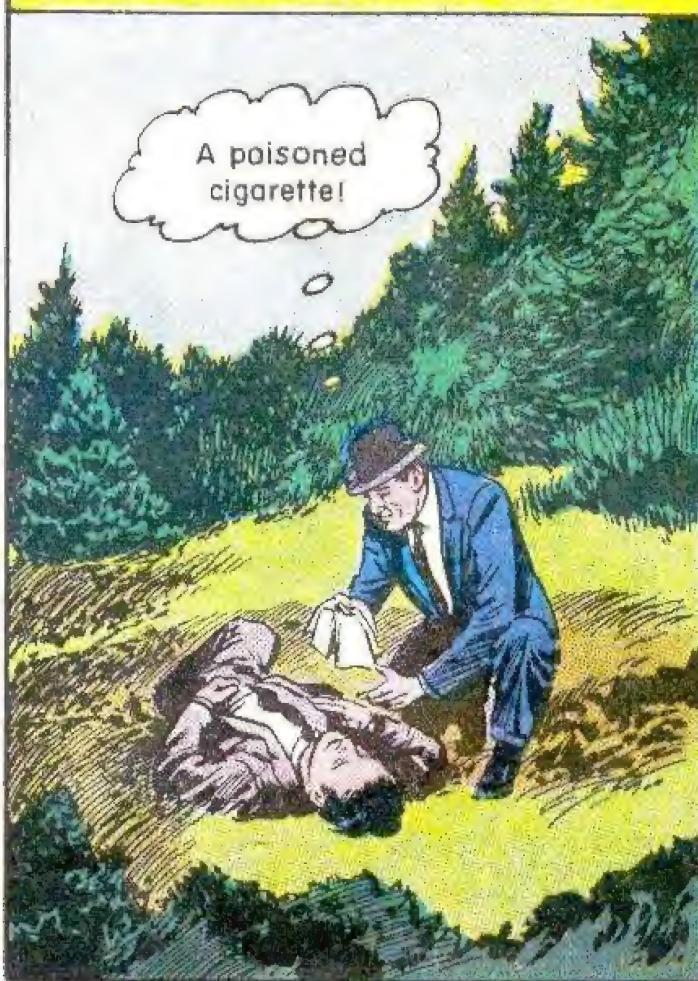
Come on! I haven't got all day. Who's paying you, and what for?

The chauffeur took a cigarette from his pack and put it into his mouth. Then Bond heard the sound of crunching glass.

Hold it!

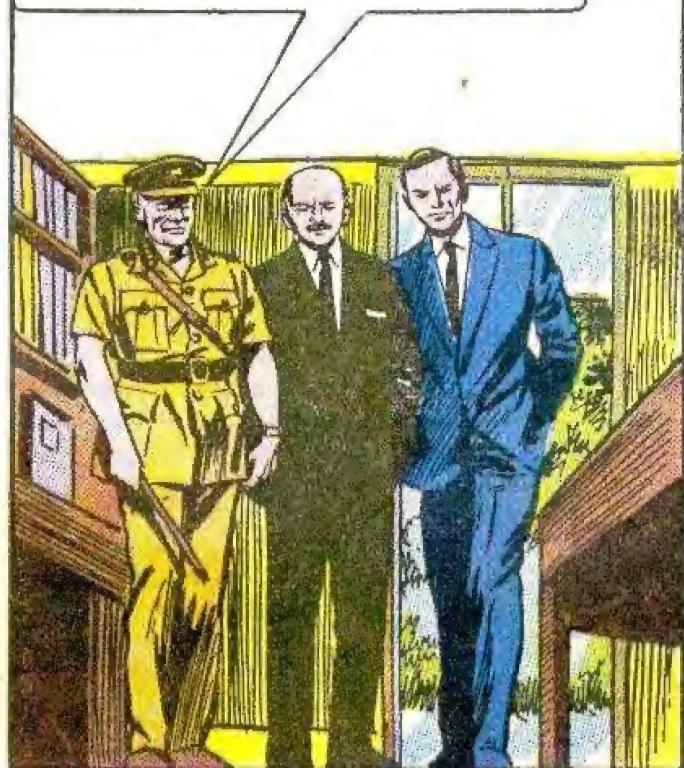


But Bond was too late. The man was dead.



Bond returned to Kingston and met with Pleydell-Smith and Duff, the Jamaican Police Commissioner. Duff took Bond out to Strangways' house.

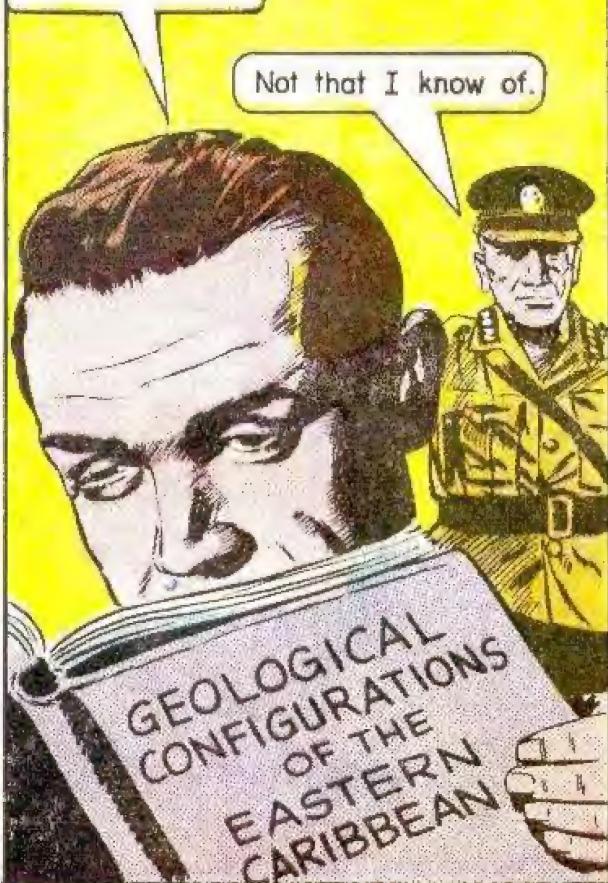
We've searched the place from floor to ceiling. The filing cabinet's been broken into.



The title of a book caught Bond's eye.

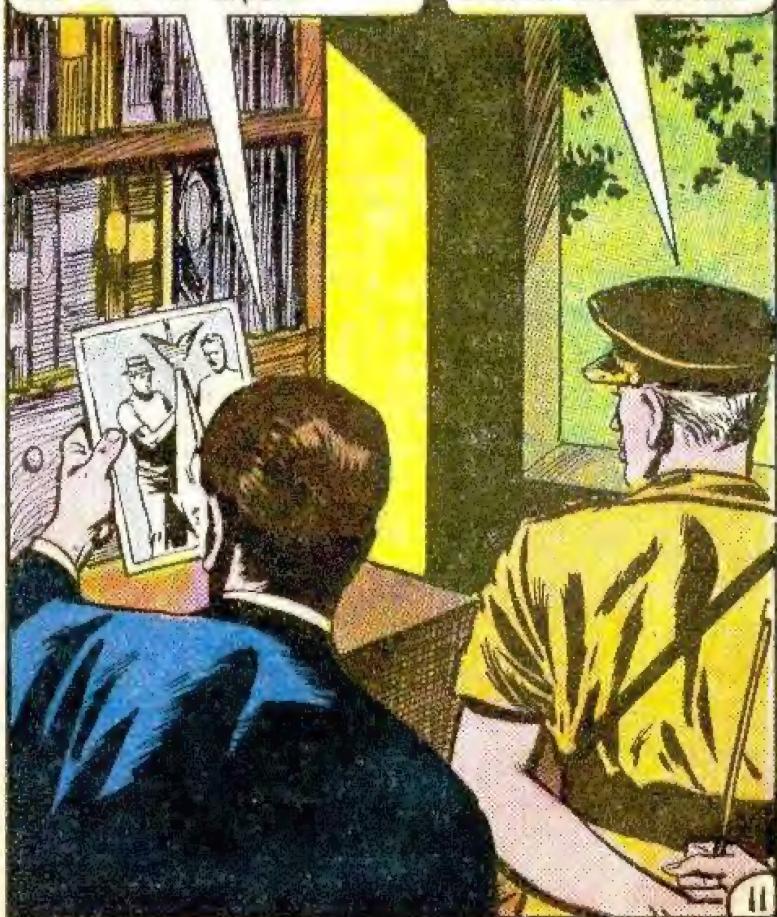
Was geology a hobby of Strangways?

Not that I know of.



This man with Strangways -- he drove the car that tailed me from the airport.

He's one of the local fishermen. I'll have a check made on him.





## SHOWCASE



Bond thought he might learn something from the last three men who had seen Strangways alive--Dent, Potter and Pleydell-Smith. That evening...

Extraordinary thing, old Strangways just vanishing like that. Or perhaps he ran off with that lovely secretary?

I never heard him talk about anything but bridge and fishing. Fished with a man named Quarrel...



At the harbor, the next morning...

You Quarrel?

Might be, cap'n.



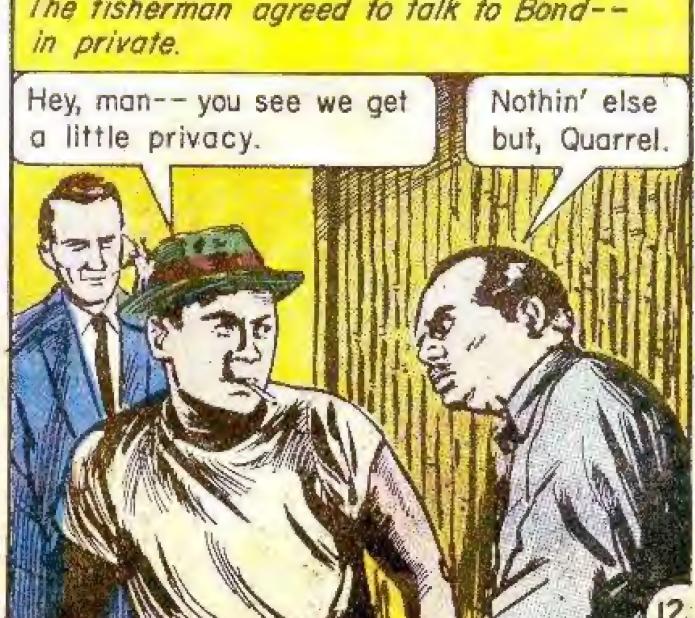
I'd like to rent your boat. I'm a friend of Commander Strangways.

Sorry, cap'n. She's not for hire.

Bond talked Quarrel to a small restaurant. The fisherman agreed to talk to Bond--in private.

Hey, man-- you see we get a little privacy.

Nothin' else but, Quarrel.

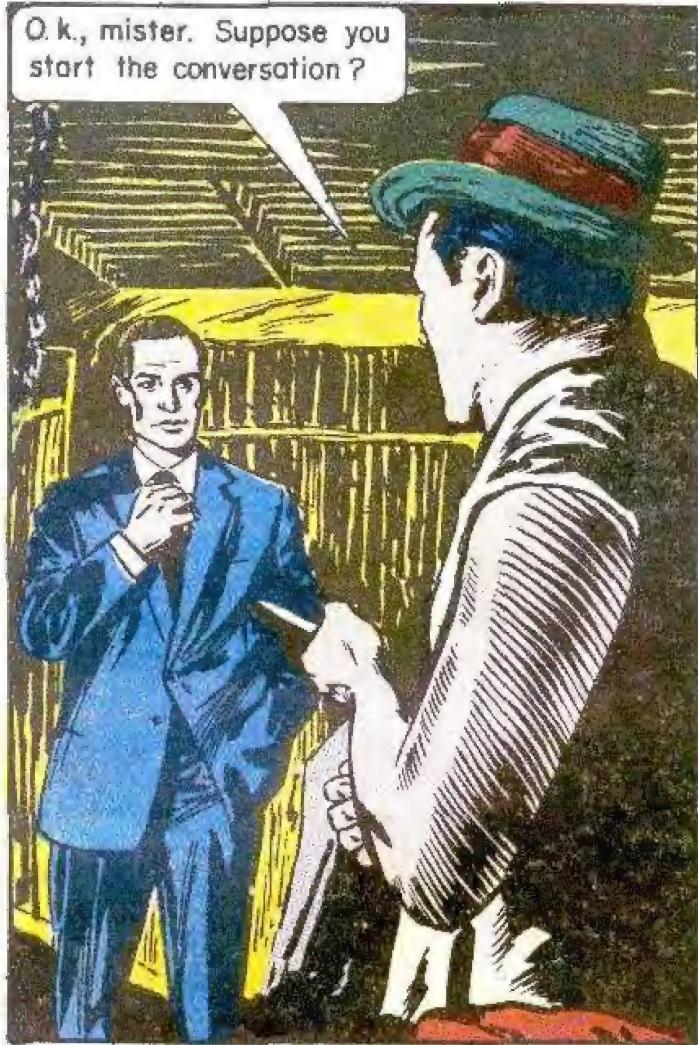




# SHOWCASE



O.k., mister. Suppose you start the conversation?



Bond reached for his gun, but...

Ain't no use struggling!  
My pal wrassles alligators.

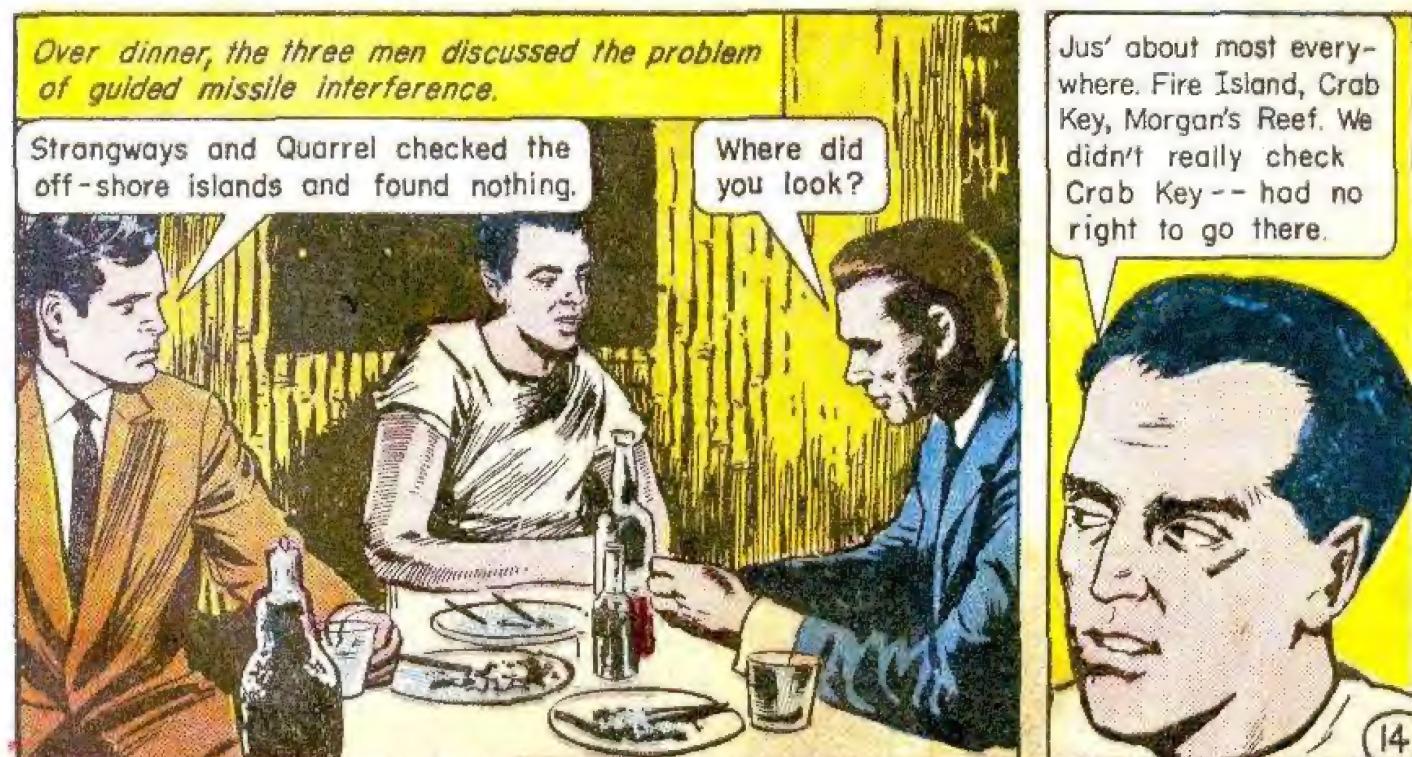
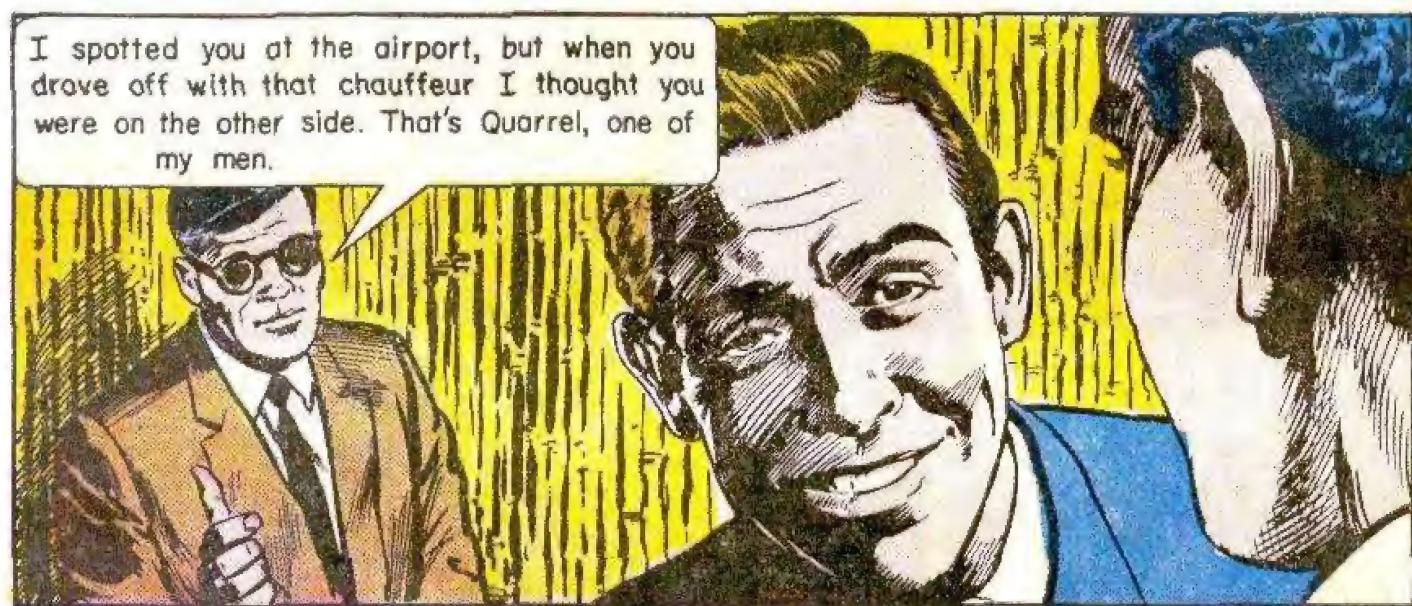
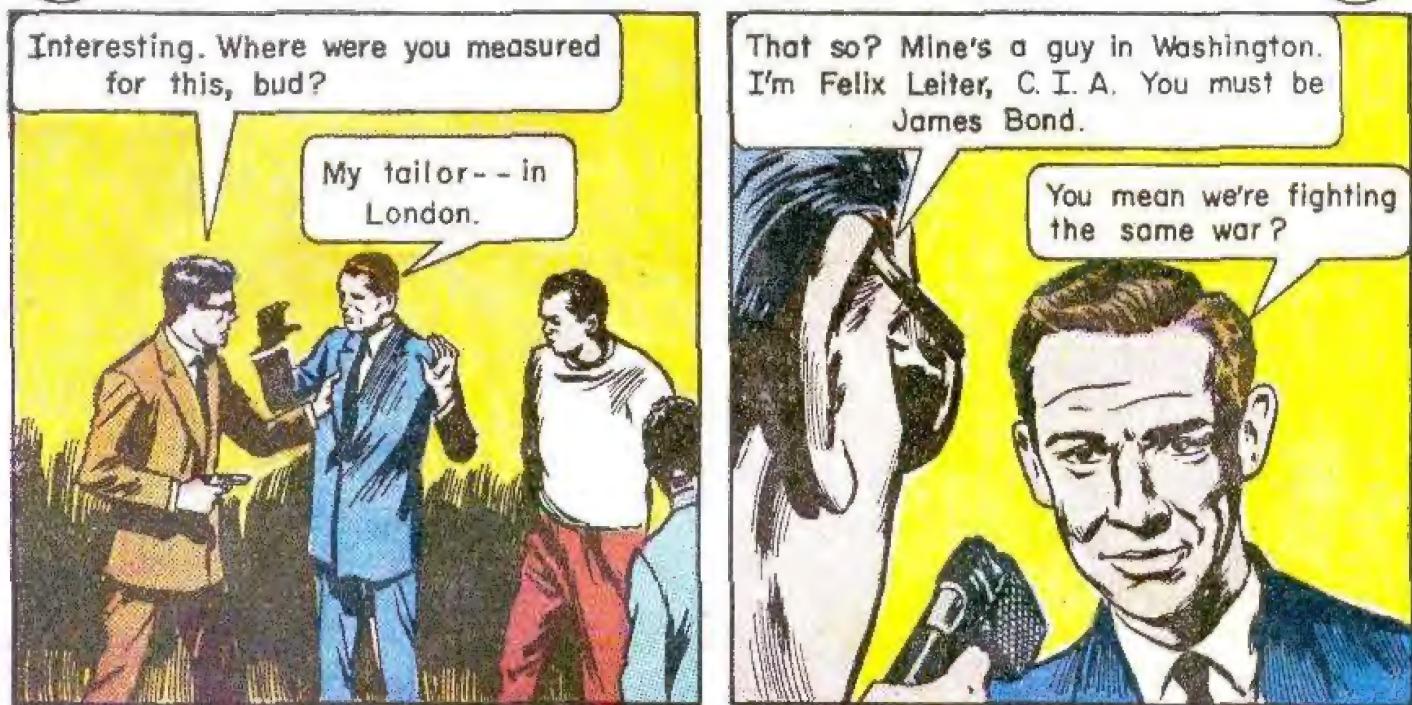


Get up slowly and face the wall.



Gently, bud, gently. Let's not get excited, eh?





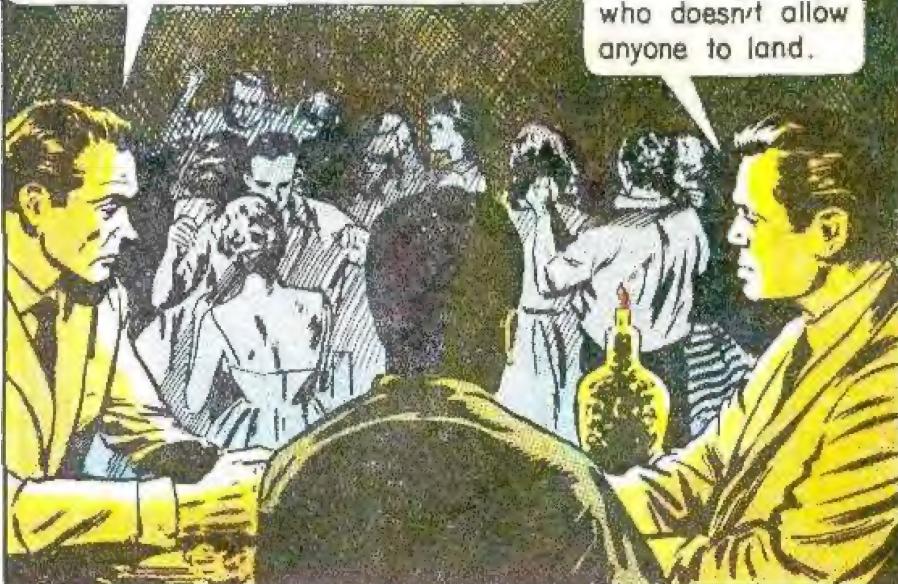


## SHOWCASE



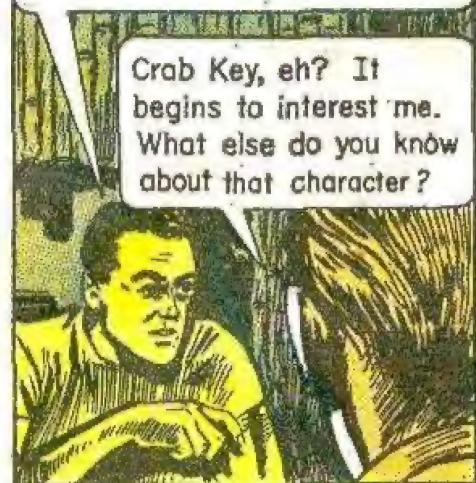
What's so special about Crab Key?  
Why can't people go there?

It belongs to a character  
who doesn't allow anyone to land.



Cap'n Strangways and me, we just slipped in at night to take some rock samples. Doesn't do for a man to hang around there.

Crab Key, eh? It begins to interest me. What else do you know about that character?



Nothing except his name--Doctor No.



The next day, Bond went to Professor Dent's laboratory to check on Strangways' rock samples.

I found this in Strangways' office. It's a receipt for some mineral tests you did for him. Can you tell me about it?

He thought they were valuable. I told him they weren't.



Can I see them?

No! I mean... I threw them away. Sorry.



Did he say where they came from? Crab Key, perhaps?

Definitely not! It's geologically impossible.





## SHOWCASE



After Bond left, Dent hurried down to the harbor.

I've got to get to the island. I'll take the responsibility.

I hope you know what you are doin'. Come on.



In a short while, on mysterious Crab Key, Dent was ushered into the presence of Doctor No.

Good afternoon, Professor. Now suppose you explain why you have broken my strictest rule and have come here in broad daylight?

I had to. That man Bond came-- he's found out that Strangways took rock samples from Crab Key.

I gave orders that he should be killed. Why is he still alive?

The attempts failed.



Failed? I do not like that word. Since you cannot assassinate Mr. Bond, let us try "natural causes" this time. And let there be no mistakes!



That night, in Bond's hotel room...

There's something crawling on my leg!





## SHOWCASE



Bond recognized it as a poisonous tarantula...

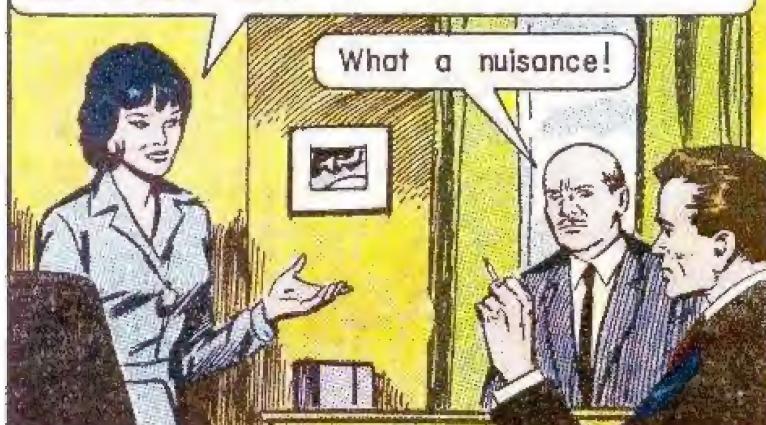


...and flipped it to the floor.



The next morning, Bond went to Pleydell-Smith's offices to get some more information on Crab Key and Doctor No.

Very sorry, sir, but we can't find the Crab Key files anywhere. Commander Strangways was the last to have them.



On the contrary, their disappearance confirms exactly what I wanted to know.



Bond suspected Pleydell-Smith's secretary, Miss Taro, of being a spy. To check on his hunch, he made a date with her for that afternoon.

Why don't you pick me up at my apartment? It's on the Port Royal road, in the mountains?

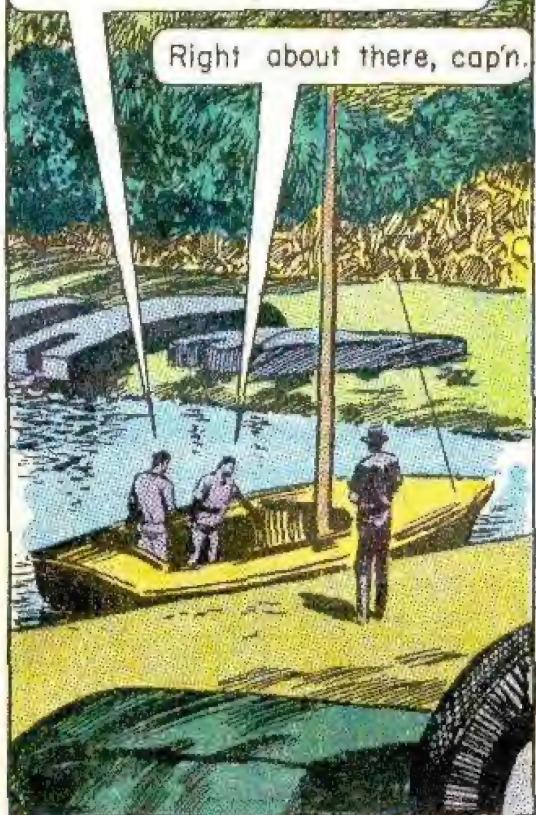
You talked me into it.



But first he went down to Quarrel's boat.

Where did you say Commander Strangways put the rocks from Crab Key?

Right about there, cap'n.



Look at the reading on this Geiger counter. These samples Strangways brought from Crab Key were radioactive. Yet Professor Dent told me they were worthless.

Then he's either a bad professor or a bad liar.



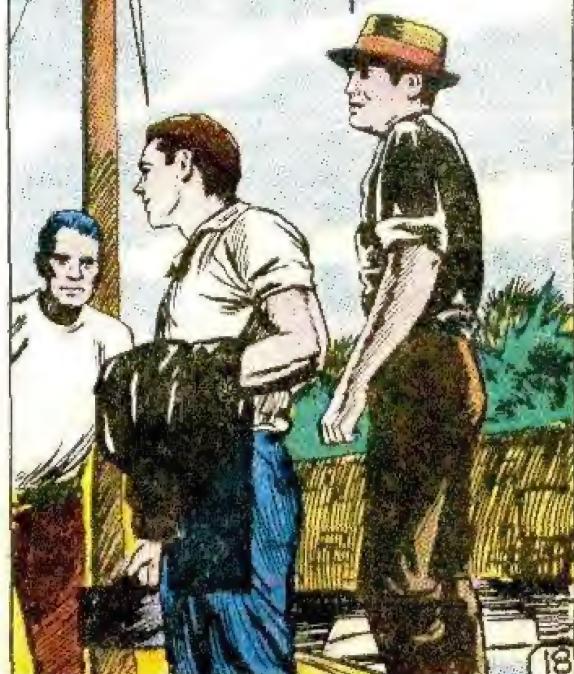
I intend to find out which. Quarrel, how soon can we get over to Crab Key?

Cap'n, I took the Commander there, and we got away without trouble. But...you see there's this dragon there and...



A what?

Just a native superstition. Probably started by Doctor No.





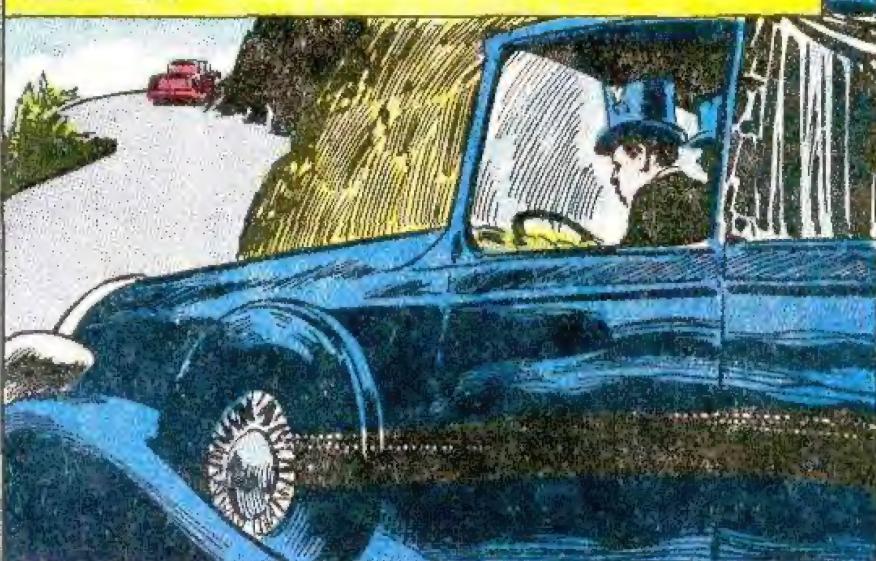
## SHOWCASE



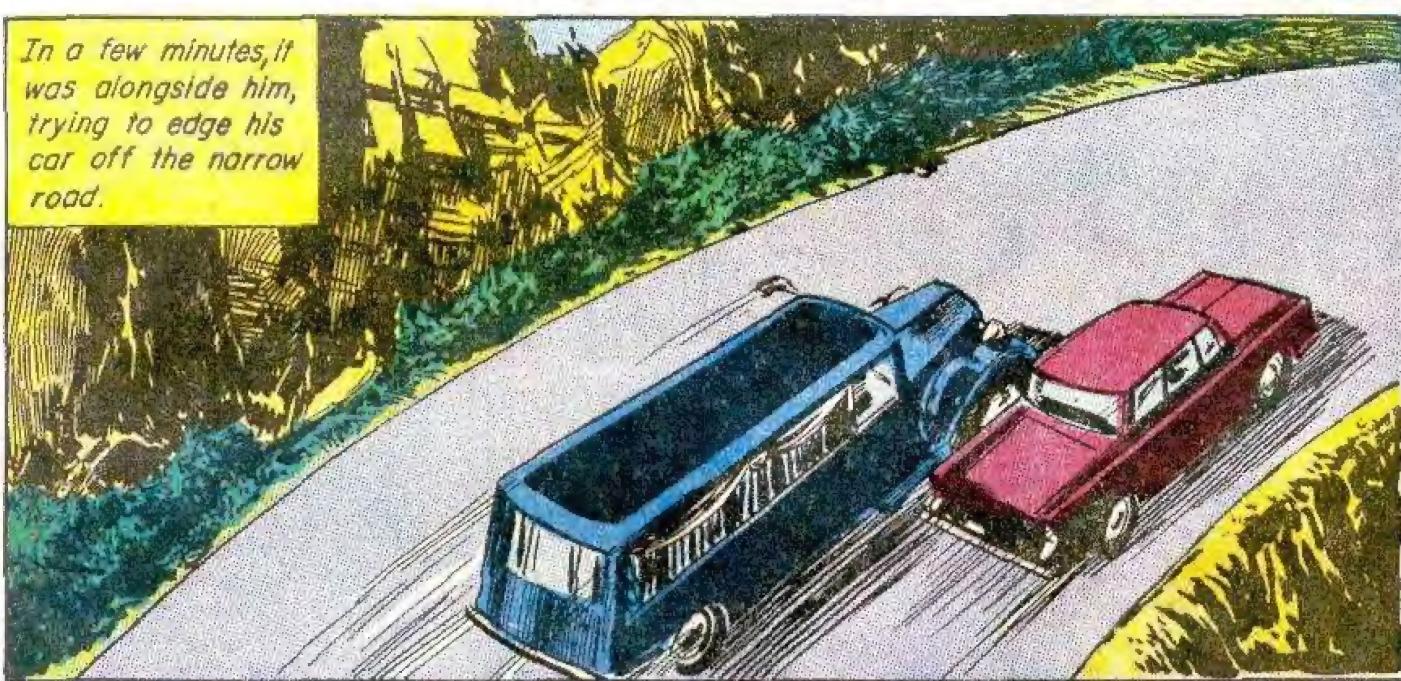
All right, cap'n. I'll meet you here, about seven.



Bond left the harbor and started to drive out to Miss Taro's place. Before long, a black hearse began to follow him.



In a few minutes, it was alongside him, trying to edge his car off the narrow road.



Then the blade of a bulldozer appeared before the two speeding cars.



There was enough room for Bond's car, but the hearse had to swerve out too far, and...





## SHOWCASE



Miss Taro was very surprised to see Bond alive.



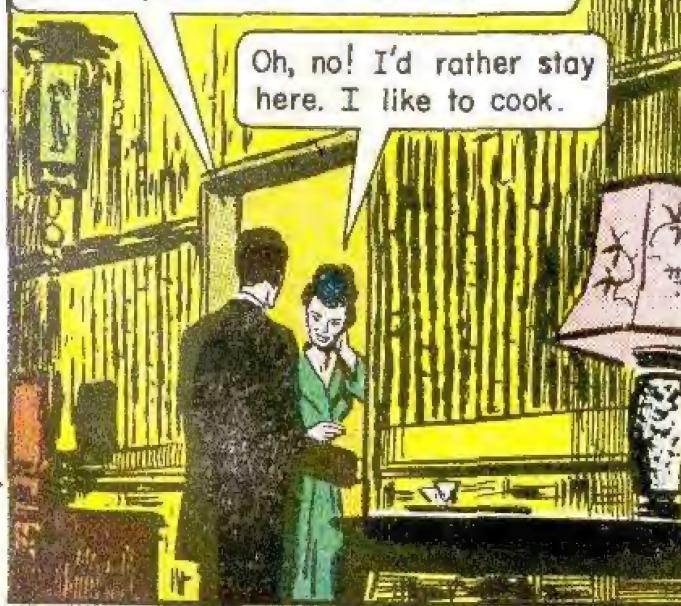
Oh, of course. But...but...I didn't think you'd be here so soon.



Hello...yes...yes...he's here right now. I don't know what happened...all right, I'll keep him here.



Why don't you get dressed and we'll go someplace nice for dinner?



No argument! I'll just call a cab.





## SHOWCASE



But when the "cab" arrived...

Book her, Commissioner. Nice quiet cell with a view.

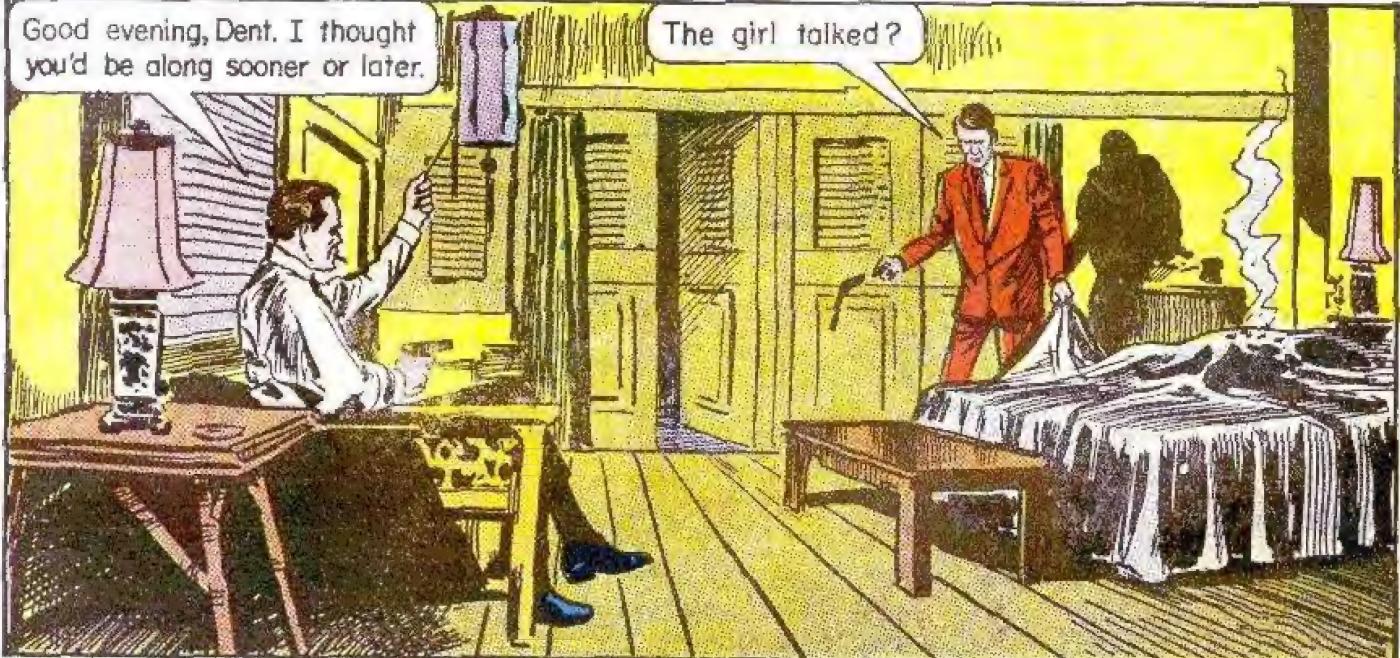


Bond returned to the apartment. Before long...



Good evening, Dent. I thought you'd be along sooner or later.

The girl talked?



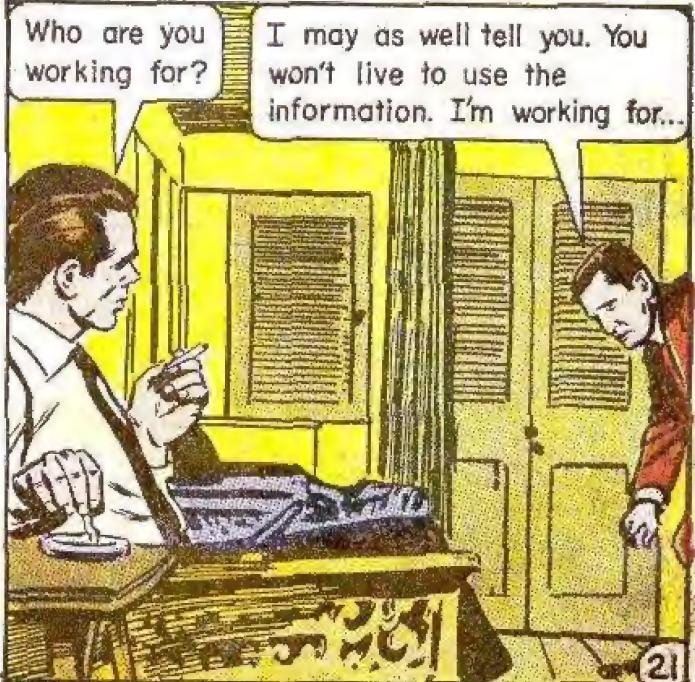
No. You gave yourself away when you said Strangways' radioactive samples were worthless. You killed him, didn't you?

Who are you working for?

I may as well tell you. You won't live to use the information. I'm working for...



He was killed--never mind how.

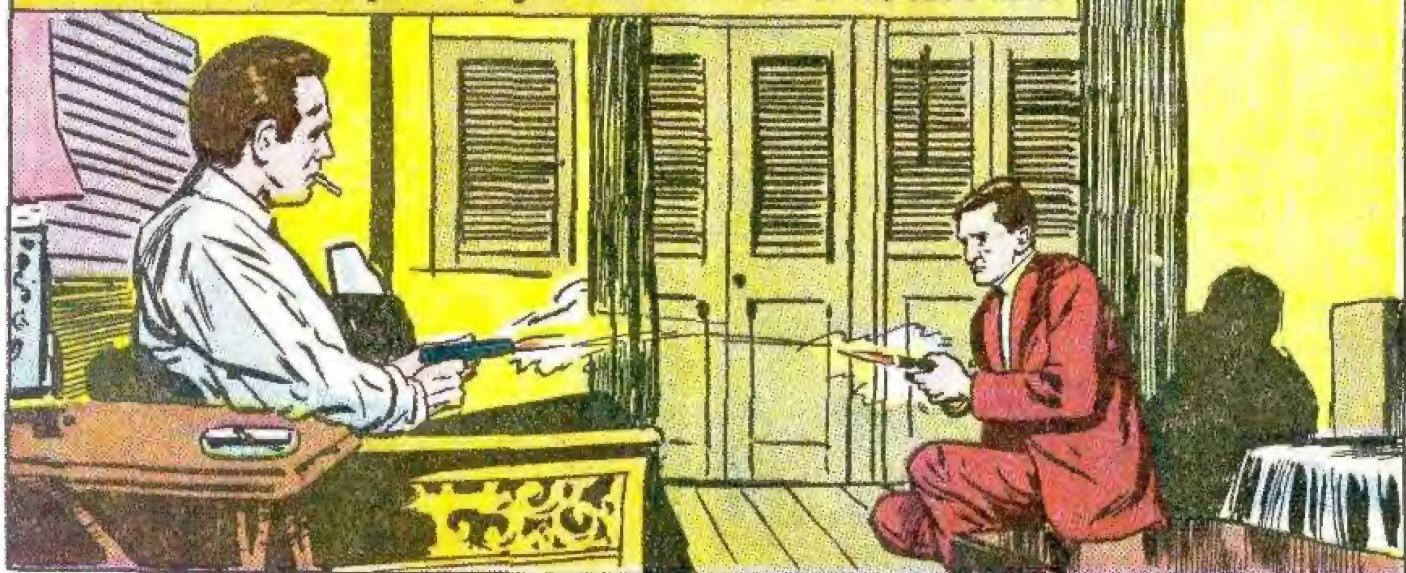




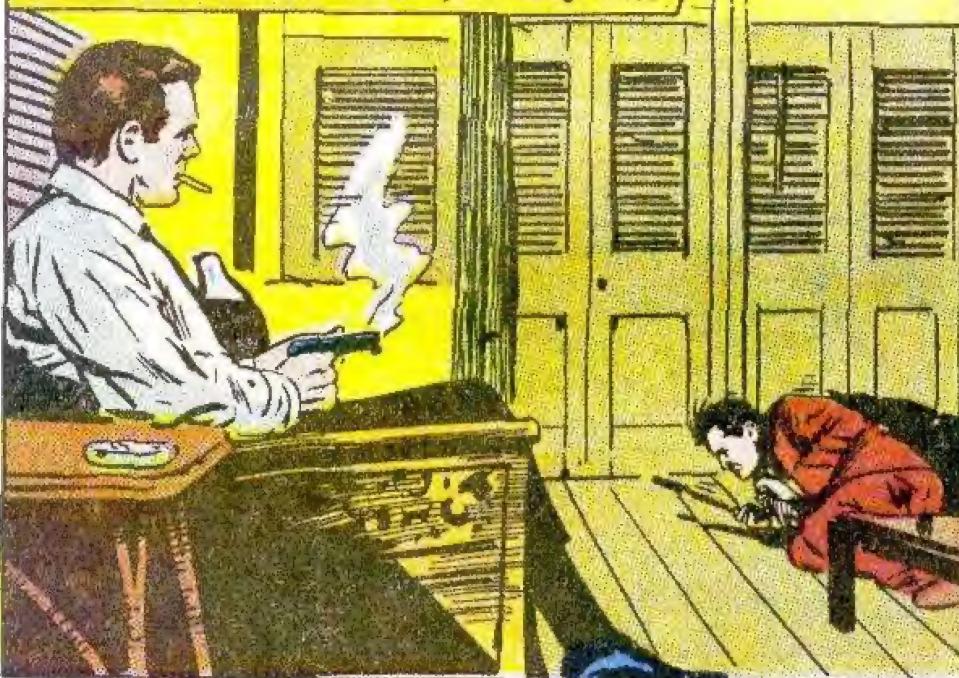
## SHOWCASE



Dent made a sudden lunge for his gun. Both men fired at the same time.



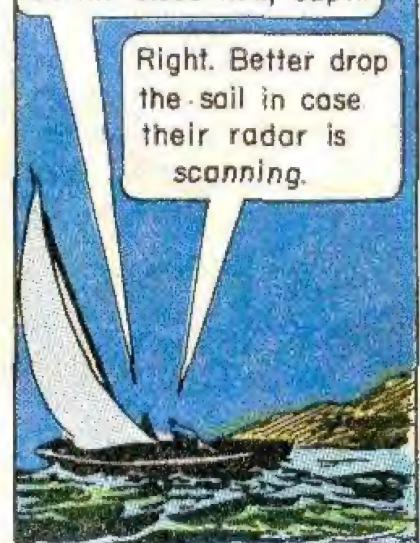
But Bond was a better shot, wounding him...



A few hours later, Bond and Quarrel were on their way to Crab Key.

Gettin' close now, cap'n.

Right. Better drop the sail in case their radar is scanning.

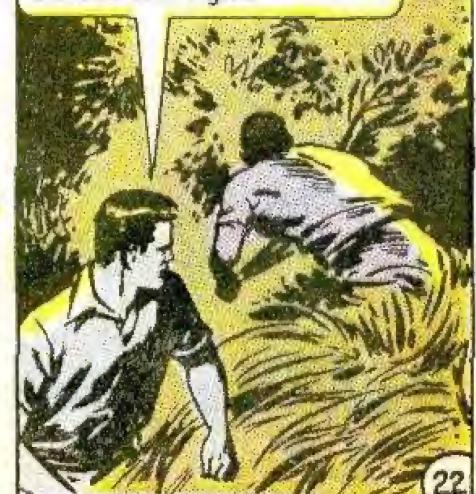


Now, cap'n, now!  
Hard around!



They reached shore safely and hid the boat.

We'd better get some rest before it's light.

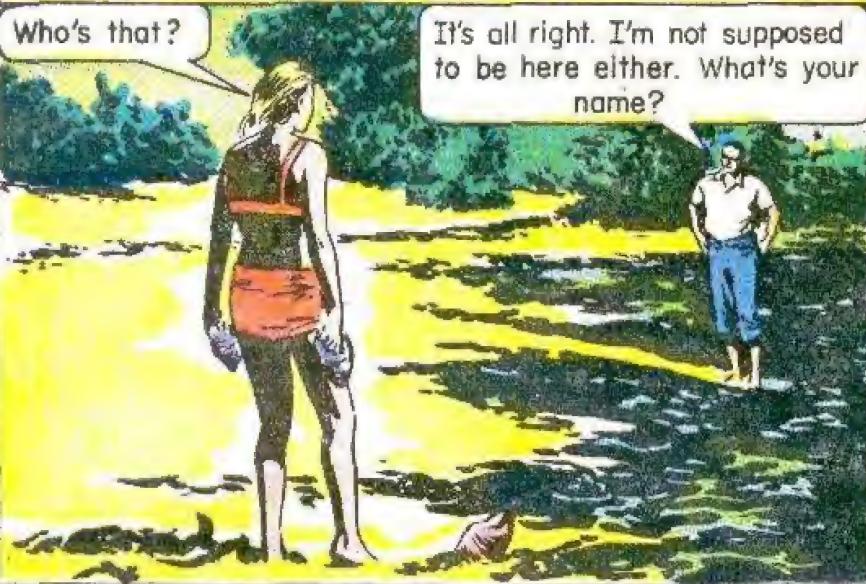




## SHOWCASE



The next morning, Bond was awokened by the sound of a girl singing. When he went to investigate...



Honey Ryder. Are you looking for shells, too?



They're worth five dollars a-piece in Miami. Promise you won't tell anyone?

I promise.



Then they heard the sound of an approaching motor launch...

Come on... quick!

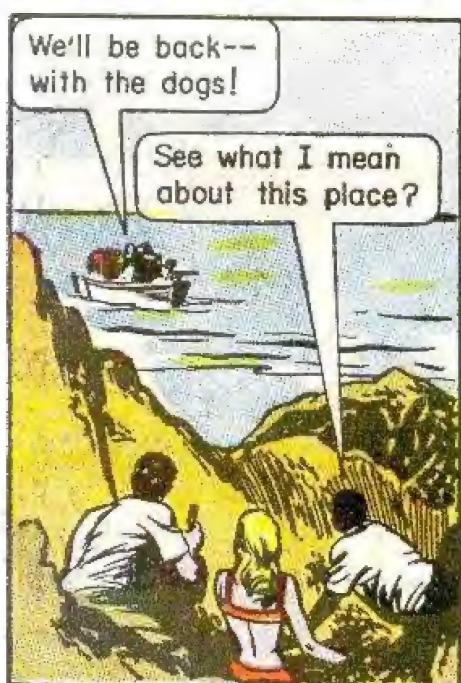


We know you're there. We've been expecting you. Come out with your hands up.

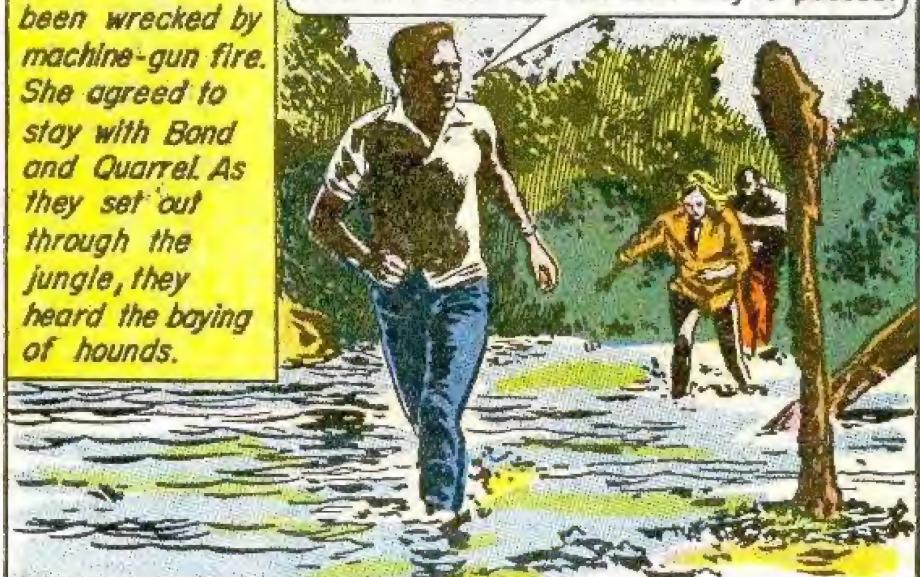




## SHOWCASE



Honey found that her boat had been wrecked by machine-gun fire. She agreed to stay with Bond and Quarrel. As they set out through the jungle, they heard the baying of hounds.



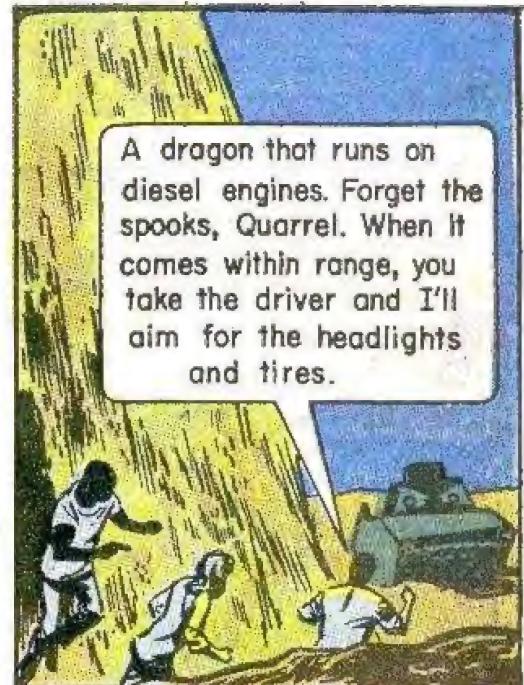


## SHOWCASE

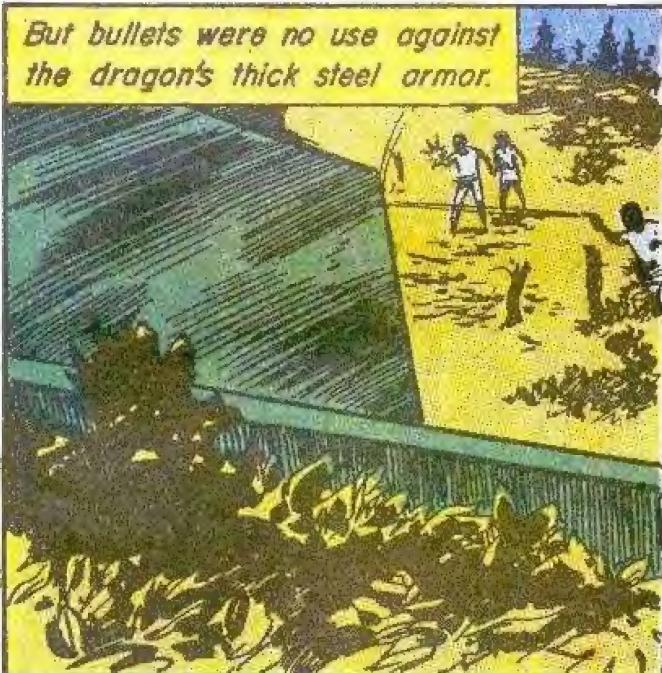


Honey and Bond rested in a cave while Quarrel stood watch. Night fell. Then...

Cap'n! Cap'n, the dragon! It's comin' this way for sure!



But bullets were no use against the dragon's thick steel armor.



Quarrel shot out one of the dragon's headlights. The machine turned towards him and came closer. And closer...



Then...





## SHOWCASE



Bond saw that it was no use to resist.

Hold out your hands, wrists together.  
Now walk towards me--slowly!

Don't be frightened, Honey.

Bond and Honey were put in the dragon and taken to a decontamination center. They had been walking in a radioactive area, and the poison had to be washed from their bodies.

Under the showers, please.



Then they went to a reception center. They were not prepared for what they found there.

You poor dears! We simply didn't know when to expect you.

I'm Sister Rose and this is Sister Lily. We're here to make your stay as pleasant as possible.

Of course, you'll be wanting to see your rooms. The Doctor has given strict orders that you're not to be disturbed until dinner this evening. You will dine with him?

I will be delighted.



They were brought into a beautifully furnished room.

No doorknobs, no windows.  
It's a mink-lined prison!



# SHOWCASE

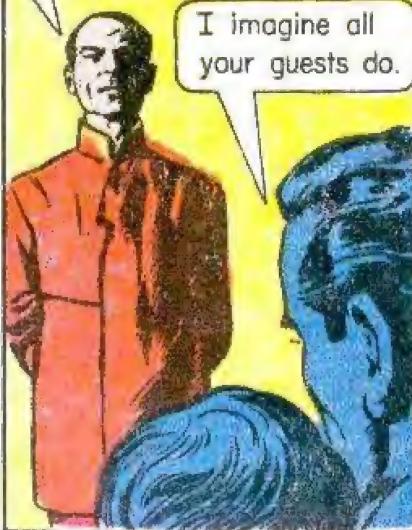
That evening, they were brought into the dining room of Doctor No.

We must be two hundred feet below sea-level. What this must have cost!

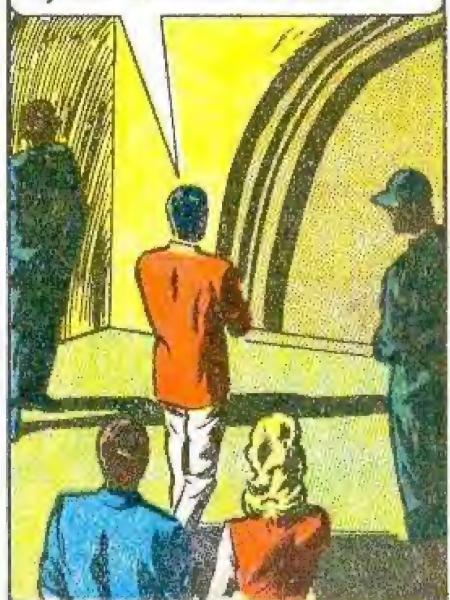


One million dollars, Mr. Bond. You were wondering what it cost?

I imagine all your guests do.



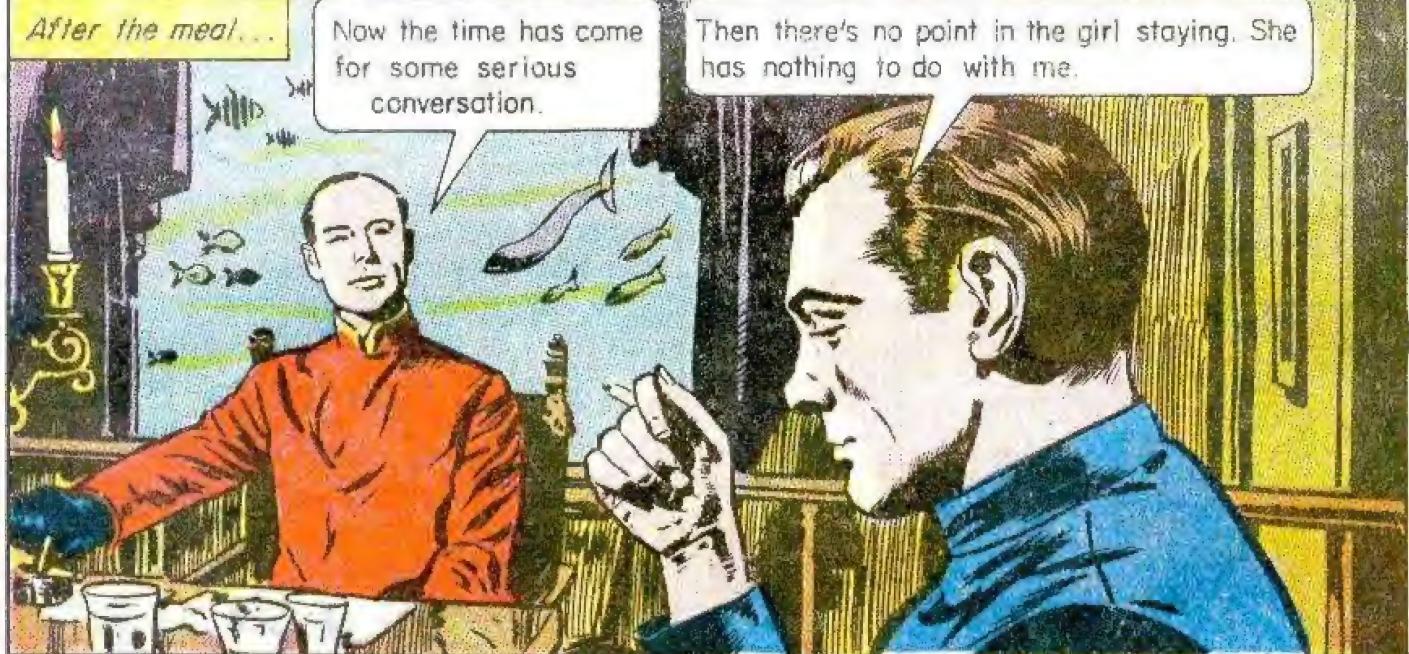
A unique feat. I designed it myself. But now to dinner.



After the meal...

Now the time has come for some serious conversation.

Then there's no point in the girl staying. She has nothing to do with me.



I agree. Take her away.

No! I'm staying with you!





## SHOWCASE



I kept you alive for a special reason. You will send a radio message to your American friends, telling them this island is harmless. In six hours, the new American missile will be launched. I plan to destroy it and I want no interference.



I won't do it and it wouldn't save you anyhow. The authorities know about you. With or without my help, you won't stop that rocket.



They can do *nothing* against my jamming devices, because I am a genius and they are fools! I offered them my services once and they refused me. I lost my hands through my experiments, but I have become the greatest radiation power expert in the world!



Bond decided his best chance was to keep Doctor No angry. As he spoke, he slipped a small cigarette lighter into his palm.

You won't get away with it, you power-crazy maniac! Asylums are full of idiots like you who think they're Napoleon!



All right! I'll keep you alive--alive to see the missile fall. Then you will die the hard way, Mr. Bond. Take him to the cells!

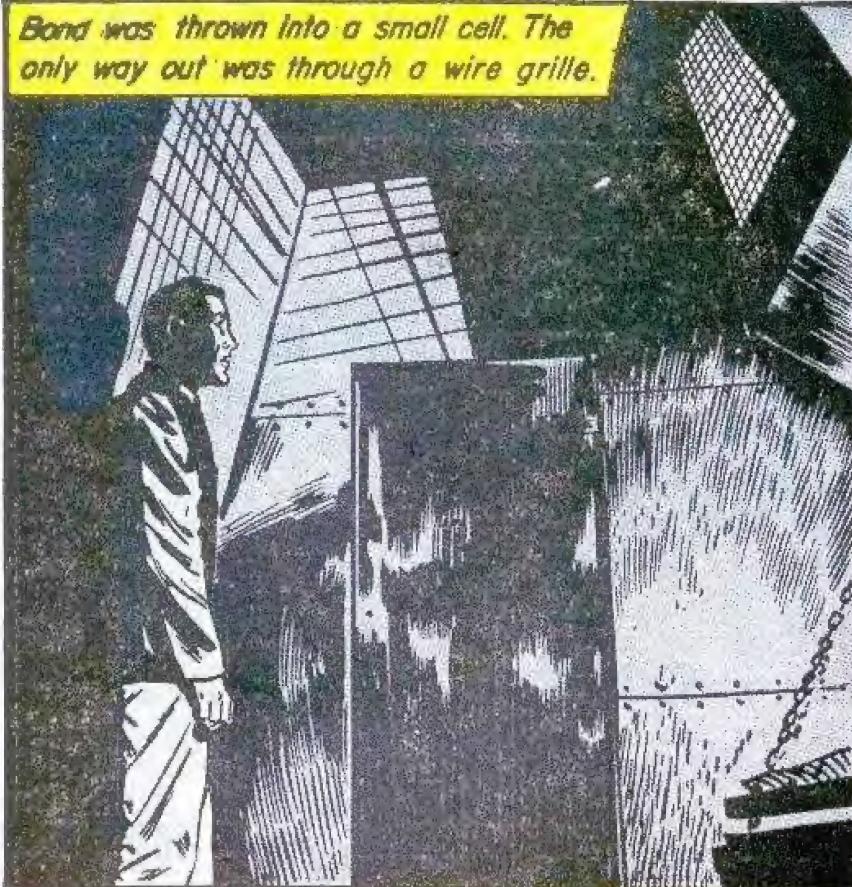




## SHOWCASE



Bond was thrown into a small cell. The only way out was through a wire grille.



The grille was electrified.



A fuse blew when the current shocked Bond. He was able to pry off the grille.



At first, the shaft was straight up and down...



...then horizontal again, but...

Ow! It's blazing hot!  
I'd better make rags  
of my shirt and tie  
them around my hands.





## SHOWCASE



Bond moved along the red-hot shaft. Every step was painful.



Then... Water!



The water passed over Bond and cooled the shaft. Bond then used the lighter to test the air currents.

If I follow the direction of the air current, it will lead me to another opening.



Finally...



The lockers contained decontamination suits. Bond slipped into one.

Now to locate Doctor No!



Meanwhile, Doctor No was preparing his equipment.

Are all the fuel elements canned, Chang?



Chang walked into the room where Bond was hiding and...



Bond took Chang's place near the dial which controlled the fuel feed to the atomic reactor. Doctor No was making the final test.

Fuel elements? Fuel elements! Where is Chang?

No dreaming today, Chang. Elements go in too far, we all fry.



The rocket was about to blast off from Cape Canaveral. Doctor No gave the order to run the reactors up to full power. Bond began to crank the wheel.

Fifteen, twenty, twenty-two, twenty-five, twenty-seven...

Radiation 865! It's past the danger level! It's going wild!



At Canaveral, the rocket was launched safely. Doctor No rushed over to where Bond was standing.

You! I'll kill you!



No attacked, but in the fight Bond pushed him against the control board. The Doctor's hand touched an electrical contact, and...

The whole of Crab Key was in panic. Bond dashed through the crowd to the reception center.

Where is she?  
The girl?

The room... the same  
one... I swear.



Bond made Sister Lily open the door.

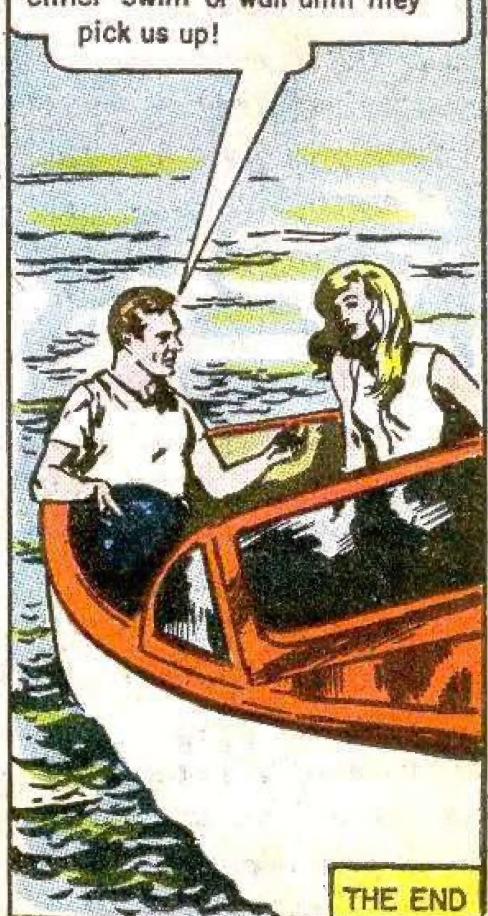


He grabbed Honey and ran for the beach. They found a small boat.



Later, on the open sea...

Well, we're out of gas. We can either swim or wait until they pick us up!



# THE MAN BEHIND THE TYPEWRITER

"JAMES Bond" is already a literary legend.

A fictional British Secret Service agent, both rough and suave, tough and sophisticated! He is a symphony in contrasts, a study in opposites. He can be in a deadly brawl with sinister villains in the early part of the evening, and later order a gourmet's dinner, to be served on English Bone China.

He may rub shoulders with the lowest elements of the underworld, and speak their language. Yet he is equally at home in a castle,

James Bond may wear an ordinary shoulder holster, but cradled in it is no ordinary weapon. Only a sharp-shooting Beretta .25 will do this fictional hero!

In fact, everything about James Bond is distinctive. For breakfast, he eats a single egg in a dark blue egg cup with a gold ring around the top—and the egg is boiled for exactly three and a third minutes, not a second more or less! For the rest: two slices of whole-wheat toast, a large pat of deep yellow Jersey butter (no other kind will do!), and three specific brands of jam, honey, and marmalade.

James Bond's knowledge is overwhelming. He is an expert on any subject, from automobiles to zoology. He has been everywhere, seen everything—and has forgotten nothing!

How much of the above description of the fictional James Bond also applies to his creator, Ian Fleming, is a matter of speculation. Not that anyone has ever suggested that James Bond's adventures comprise Ian Fleming's autobiography. But there are interesting similarities, particularly Fleming's career as a British naval intelligence officer. How many of Ian Fleming's actual experiences in the service have been incorporated into the adventures of James Bond, no one can say—and Author Fleming isn't telling.

Ian Fleming's parentage is Scottish. His father, Major Valentine Fleming, D.S.O., was killed during World War I while serving in Winston Churchill's Oxfordshire Hussars Regiment. At the time of his death, Churchill himself wrote the obituary in the "London Times."

Fleming went to school at Sandhurst—the English West Point—while his brother was preparing at Oxford for a writing career. The future creator of James Bond passed his final exams, and awaited assignment to the Black Watch, an army unit with a commando-like tradition. But when Fleming learned that the unit was going to be completely mechanized in the near future, he felt that army life might be far different from what he had anticipated. So he decided to forego his commission, and enrolled in European universities for additional schooling.

After subsequent study at the universities of Munich and Geneva, Fleming joined the staff of Reuters, a news agency, and worked as a foreign correspondent in Berlin and Moscow before returning to London.

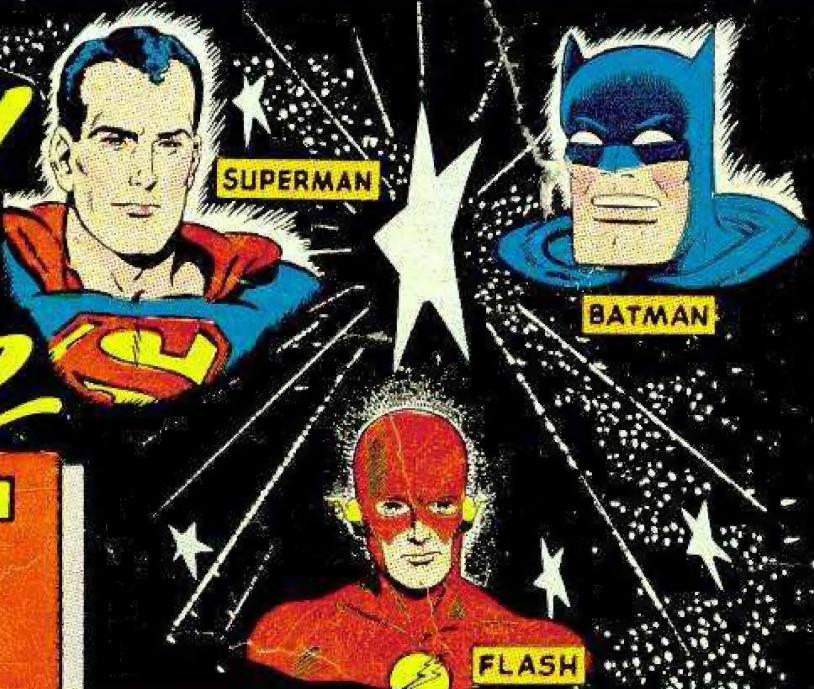
Back in England, he tried his hand as a stock broker, but he missed the glamor, excitement, and intrigue of foreign news reporting, and just before the outbreak of World War II, he persuaded the "London Times" to send him back to Moscow as a special correspondent.

At the end of the war, he was commissioned to take charge of organizing the foreign division of the "London Sunday Times." For 14 years, thereafter, he remained as foreign manager of this newspaper branch, taking two months off each winter to devote to writing in a small house he had built on the north shore of Jamaica, near Ocho Rios, called "Golden Eye."

Fleming's first novel dealing with the adventures of James Bond, "Casino Royal," was an instant success. Others followed in swift succession. The fictional British Secret Service agent battered his way through 10 best-sellers, among them "Goldfinger," "Diamonds Are Forever," the sensational "Doctor No," "Moonraker," "For Your Eyes Only," "Live and Let Die," and his most recent "The Spy Who Loved Me."

Like James Bond, Ian Fleming's favorite recreation is spear-fishing in quest of the dangerous barracuda and other large game fish, and high-powered automobiles.

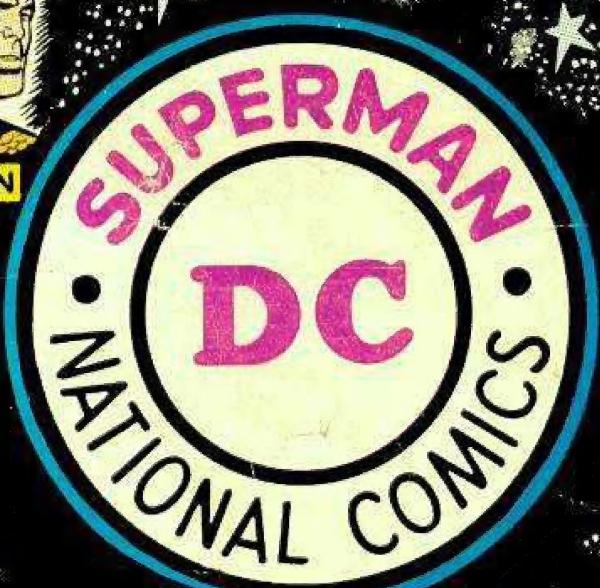
# For the BEST



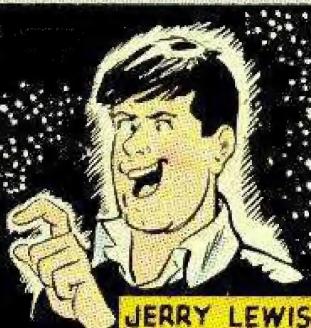
in COMICS  
ENTERTAINMENT



AQUAMAN



BOB HOPE



JERRY LEWIS



FOX



CROW



LOIS  
LANE

JIMMY  
OLSEN

Every DC Comic is Approved  
by the Comics Code Authority



SUGAR 'N SPIKE

